

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 2, No. 8

MARCH 12, 1920

Ten Cents a Copy

IN FATIGUE CLOTHES

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY reports back from sick leave and resumes its standing in the duty column. It reappears in fatigue clothes, which are not beautiful but are serviceable and suitable to the purposes for which they were devised. This is no occasion for camouflage or beating about the bush. The WEEKLY belongs to the men and women of the American Legion, who as joint proprietors have the right to know without asking what is the cause of the recent hiatus in its publication and the excuse for its altered aspect.

It simply was a matter of money. The WEEKLY has no "angel" at its elbow with beaucoup dollars to make good the deficit which developed from the publication of a costly magazine under abnormal conditions.

To reconcile expense and income production, costs had to be cut or the subscription price raised. The Legion's word was pledged to a dollar-a-year rate, so the former course only was open.

Consequently your magazine is in fatigue clothes as befits the task before it. It's the old blue denim for us, but as soon as receipts warrant the expenditure the colored cover will be resumed, the magazine enlarged, improved, and as time goes on turned out in a literary and typographical dress comparable with a recruit bucking for orderly at guardmount.

The change in form will be attended by no change in spirit. Your magazine will continue to serve those who served; to fight the Legion's fight for the things that are wholesome and worthy in the national life; to strike hard and fast and fearlessly at those undermining forces which would devastate the symbols of our liberties. It will continue to give, more than ever before, the week-to-week news of the Legion—of your buddies—throughout the land; and to endeavor to entertain with verse, yarns and pictures that recall the associations and incidents of those great yesterdays which have been laid away in the rose leaves of memory and will never come again.

It lays to its task with an air of high confidence, for it knows the gang is with it.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

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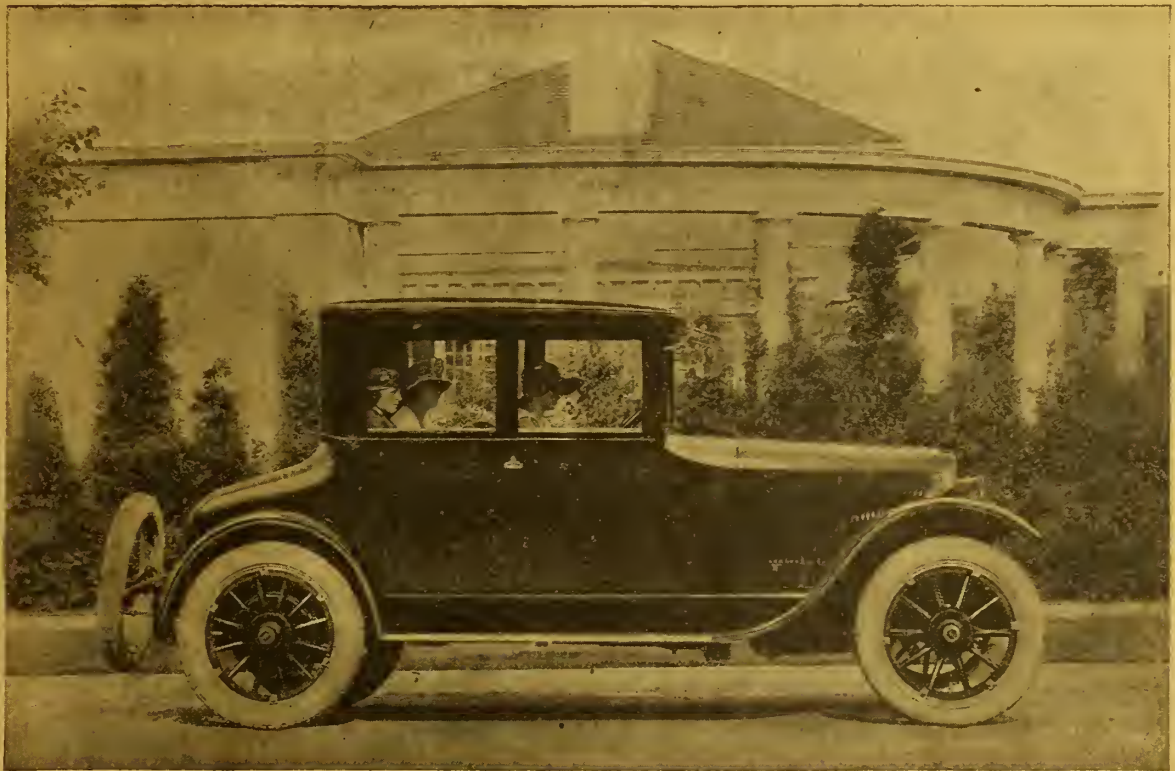
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There were 71 issues of The Stars and Stripes, each paper consisting of 8 pages, 18½x24½ inches in size—7 columns wide. The first issue of The Stars and Stripes was printed February 8, 1918—the last, June 13, 1919.



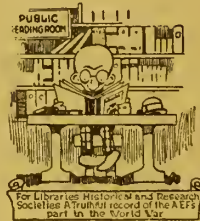
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YOU want a copy of The Stars and Stripes because it is the only accurate and truthful record of America's part in the war; because it's literature, a classic of history, humor and pathos; and because it is real and graphic—the only newspaper of its kind ever published.

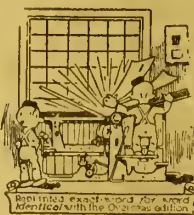


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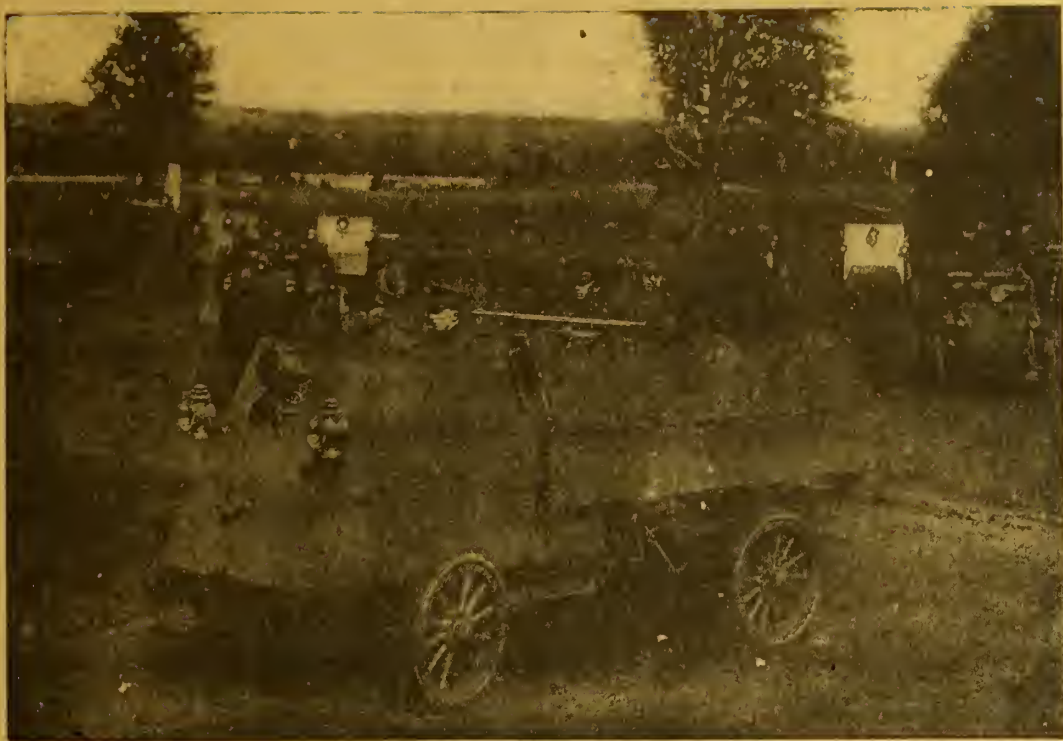


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Allies Chose Autocar Motor Truck to Meet Strenuous War Needs

For three years before America entered the World War, Autocars were at the Front. In August, 1914, the Autocar Motor Truck was mobilized for war service.

The first fleet of Autocars, numbering eight trucks, was assigned to the First Automobile Machine Gun Brigade of Ottawa, Canada. Their success at the front was marked from the start—hauling gun crews, ammunition, and supplies from point to point on rush orders; getting wherever they were needed on time.

Not one of the original fleet of Autocars was scrapped because it was worn out. Three were bumped off by shells; the remaining five carried on throughout the war. And in December, 1918, after more than four years of the most testing sort of service, these five veterans of the dark days of 1914 were patrolling the streets of Bonn, Germany.

Demonstrating again that the stamina that wins out in peace-time civilian life will stand up under the stress of war—whether it be found in men or in machines.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Manufacturers of the Autocar Motor Truck

Autocar

Big Business a National Necessity

For an industry to have attained size is proof, in the eyes of the economist, that it must have served the public well. But to the muck-raker it implies monopoly and extortion, and provides grounds for the widest of charges and attacks.

IT is time for the public to recognize the real facts about big business—to know that its function is an essential without which the commerce of a country so vast spread as America would today be impossible. This is especially true of the packing business, for no other industrial undertaking is so closely allied to the comfort and security of the nation.

Armour and Company have grown in response to the demands of a national need. Today five-sixths of the marketable livestock of the country is raised west of the Mississippi River, while the large consuming centers lie at the other side of the continent. To link the one with the other required an organization doing business on a national scale.

There must be volume in order for Armour and Company to successfully manufacture by-products from the part the small butcher throws away. There must be volume also to justify Armour's building and operating refrigerator cars in number to keep meats and other foods

flowing in a steady stream to consumers. There had to be the expectancy of a nation-wide market for Armour and Company to invest year after year in the past 90% of their earnings in plants and equipment.

It is obvious that size and efficiency are both the cause and effect of the service Armour renders. Without size it would be impossible to supply millions daily with their fresh and cured meats. Nor would it be possible to create outlets for the livestock producer in sufficient numbers to encourage him in continuing to raise livestock.

Certainty of meat supply is all important. We may do without many of the luxuries that modern civilization regards as necessities, but we cannot do without *food*. The present system of handling America's meat supply is the result of fifty years of accumulated experience, of growth keeping pace with population increase and livestock increase. And such a business cannot be adjusted backward.

To destroy its finely adjusted organization would be to turn back the hands of the clock of progress—to the injury of producer and consumer alike.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

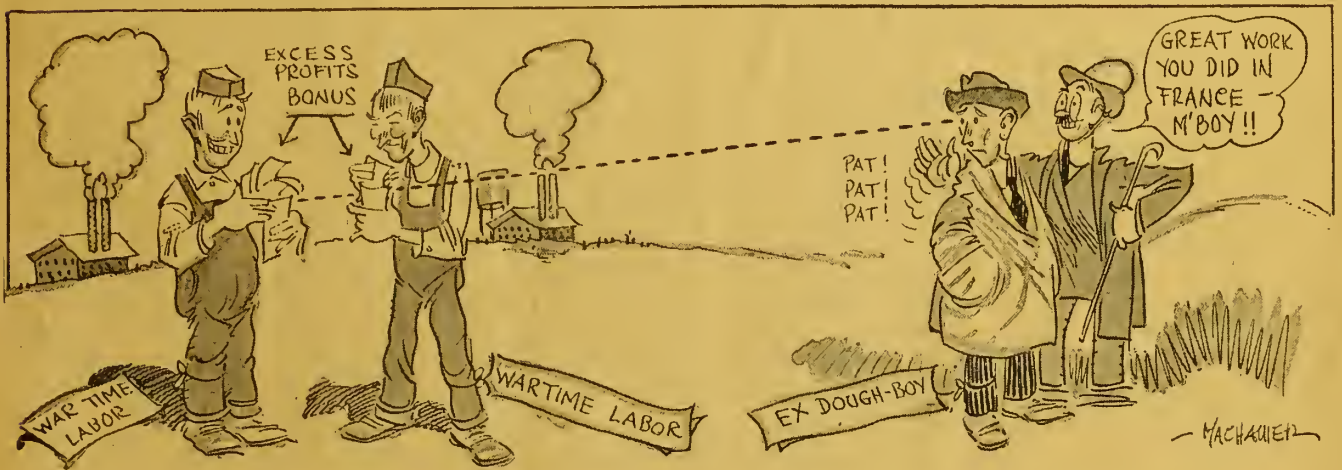
Official Publication of The American Legion

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To Pay a Debt Is Not to Give a Bonus

Congress Gets It Straight from the Shoulder on the Nation's Obligation to Veterans

By RUSSEL M. CROUSE



CONGRESS can no longer stand with a legislative hand cupped round a judicial ear waiting for "the voice of the veteran" in regard to relief legislation.

"An overwhelming majority of ex-service men feel strongly that this government owes an obligation to all persons who were handicapped either bodily or financially by military or naval service," Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of The American Legion, has told the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives.

Nor can Congress parry with, "The ex-service man wants, but he does not know what he wants."

The American Legion has presented to the legislative body a definite program. The service man wants a choice of the following forms of compensation:

1. Land settlement covering all states.
2. Aid in the purchase of homes in either rural or city communities.
3. Vocational education for all ex-service men.
4. Adjustment of compensation based on length of service. (The American Legion National Executive Committee has gone on record in favor of compensation adjustment on a basis of a fifty-dollar bond for each month of service.)

Neither can there be any misinterpretation by the lawmakers of the desire of the veteran for immediate action.

"The American Legion does not feel that this obligation to ex-service men and women should be altogether passed by at this time, and all economizing done at the expense of the ex-service man," the National Commander informed the committee.

There could be no clearer statement of position. Nothing is left unsaid.

And yet in all the insistence with which the Legion has addressed the men who rule the nation, there is a spirit which tempers the entire situation—the spirit that made the American the greatest fighting man with which martial machinery has ever dealt, the whole-hearted interest in the welfare of America.

Mr. D'Olier sums it up superbly:

"The American Legion asks nothing in its selfish interests at the expense of the country. It asks only as

liberal treatment as is consistent with the welfare of the whole country."

CONGRESS is left with a clear view of the entire problem. The statement of the position of The American Legion leaves with the governing body none of the issues and terms that have muddled into misunderstanding the entire soldier relief question from its inception.

The word "bonus" has been swept aside. In its stead there appears the word "obligation."

The veteran of the world war is not standing before the nation asking for a reward for his soldiery. The man whose home while the nation was in conflict was a trench or a quarterdeck, is not requesting that he be decorated with financial garlands for good work well done.

The National Commander has used the expression "adjusted compensation." It is an apt choice. The veteran seeks just that.

The service man has no crow to pick with the man who stayed at home—unless he be cataloged under "slacker," "traitor" or "enemy."

But the fact remains that as far as financial affairs are concerned, the

man who stayed at home did not sacrifice. He gained. There can be no refutation of the economic facts concerning the war. In America wages rose, bounded, grew and soared. When industry staged its "drive" for increased production it rewarded its army with increased pay and with bonuses.

Industry was not alone. The government paid to its home workers, those of shipyards and ammunition factories, and even offices, wages that never before have been recorded in the economic history of the nation.

THE pay of soldier and sailor remained the same from the day the war started until it finished, except for a ridiculously small increase for overseas service. That pay when compared with industrial pay at home appears so small that it is difficult of discernment with the aid of the Mount Hood Laboratory telescope.

The American soldier and sailor did his work well. If there is any question of that do not ask him, for fortunately his sense of modesty has kept him from crying the fact from the housetops. You are referred to Ferdinand Foch or to Sir David Beatty for any bill of commendation or recommendation that is necessary. Or perhaps to William Hohenzollern, von Hindenburg or von Tirpitz, who perhaps have some slight knowledge of the matter.

If, then, he did his work well under conditions which meant sacrifice and suffering, is he not entitled to share in the reward of the home worker, who, admittedly, did his work well too?

That much should serve to establish the economic soundness of the veteran's claim.

But there is a bigger issue than that. There is a casualty list of unbounded proportions which never has entered into the war records. It is that of financial wounds and injuries suffered through military service. Few of the 5,000,000 who buckled on the armor did so without financial sacrifice. The greater the length of service the greater the sacrifice.

Those men returned to civil life limping and struggling under their handicaps just as clearly as those who came back without a leg, or with a body racked and wrecked by the effects of gas. Not that their financial disabilities are to be compared with the physical ones—The American Legion's first fight was for those who were physically incapacitated, and they are still first in its heart.

BUT they do not altogether obscure the problem of the man who came back to resume an old place in an old life, or to find a new place in that old life, practically penniless. How many service men saved anything from their meager pay, even when it was not cut into by insurance and allotments?

The government started them off

again with sixty dollars. That sixty dollars did not even buy a complete new outfit to replace the olive drab or the navy blue. It did not sustain them in a search for a job. It does not stand favorable comparison with the hundreds the home worker was able to save in the same period.

The veteran felt that the government owed him something—an honest bill, the balance that was coming to him at the rate of pay at which the man who stayed at home has been paid while he was away.

There are fifty bits of evidence that the nation thought so, too. Those fifty bits of evidence are on record in the files of Congress today. They are bills for the payment to the ex-service man of sums, the range of which is wide. They were introduced by Congressmen who unquestionably know the pulses of the people they represent.

But Congress delayed on them all. It was understood that the lawmakers were awaiting an expression of opinion on the part of The American Legion at its convention in Minneapolis.

The representatives of the 1,000,000 members of The American Legion refused to accept "the buck." It merely voted its confidence in Congress. Its resolution in regard to the matter "recognized that our government has an obligation to all service men and women to relieve the financial disadvantages incidental to their military service—an obligation second only to that of caring for the disabled, and for the widows and orphans of those who sacrificed their lives, and one already acknowledged by our Allies—but The American Legion feels that it cannot ask for legislation in its selfish interest, and leaves with confidence to the Congress the discharge of this obligation."

CONGRESS, in the months that have elapsed since the organization of veterans offered it a chance to solve the problem in the light of its own sense of justice, has done nothing. The Congressional Record is filled with silver and golden oratory on the subject, but the Congressional records are devoid of action or accomplishment.

The soldier and sailor stood in line and waited for most of the things they got in the service. They didn't view with joy and happiness the picture of standing in line waiting for Congress.

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion is responsible to more than 1,000,000 men. It realized that responsibility. If Congress did not know what it was going to do about the soldier relief problem, The American Legion, the most representative organization of ex-service men in America, could at least tell Congress what it wanted done.

Before expressing so weighty an opinion, it made a careful survey of the situation. In this process it tried

to arrive at a proper estimate of the debt of the government to those who sacrificed for it.

An analysis of the financial situation among the war workers at home was one of the steps. Thousands of savings accounts of these workers were examined. These bank accounts showed that the average amount saved by these people was between \$400 and \$500. It must be remembered, too, that they were living in the United States, and many of them were living extravagantly, influenced by a wave of prosperity the equal of which they never had experienced before.

With that estimate as a basis of the government's debt to the person in service, the committee computed the average time of service of those under arms, and arrived at the conclusion that a fifty-dollar bond for each month of service would be a proper settlement of the obligation. In that way the government could give to the man who served a sum approximately equal to the savings of the war worker who stayed at home.

BUT a cold financial settlement was not the only consideration. There were thousands of veterans who desired instead, the aid of the government in establishing a home. There were many who went into the service at a time when they were paying for homes, or were contemplating the purchase of homes with money which since has been used for sustenance by those dependents who were left behind.

For those the committee formulated a plan for government aid in purchasing such homes, in both city and rural communities.

There were those also who asked only an arrangement which would allow them to settle lands which now are unpopulated. They were seeking a chance to establish themselves. They wanted a spot they could call their own in a land for which they had fought.

The committee included for them a plan for land settlement covering all states.

And there were still others who asked an opportunity to educate themselves for the new battle of life. They had given up time they could have devoted to such preparation to a more pressing call. Some had abandoned school or college or training institution to serve. They sought only a chance to make up lost time.

For those the committee included a plan for vocational education.

Those four opportunities the National Executive Committee felt would solve the soldier relief problem.

The American Legion is not asking all four for all service men. It is asking only that all service men be given the choice of one of the four.

The American Legion is not asking that any of the plans be forced on

(Continued on page 29)

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

The Mt. Kemmel Advertising Agency

A Propaganda Patrol Gave Fritz Some Live News, But He Didn't Believe in Signs

By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR

EVERYONE knows now that Fritz was deluded and that only discipline and the manufactured-out-of-the-whole-cloth reports of successes that emanated from the German war office kept him at the front with his hands on his rifle instead of in the air during the closing days of the war.

But Fritz, deluded though he was, was hard-headed in those delusions, as any member of a propaganda party arranged for his benefit by the scout section of the 107th Infantry, Twenty-seventh Division, will testify and depose without being duly sworn.

The 107th was spending a miserable August in 1918 in Belgium, brigaded with the British Expeditionary Forces. The regiment was sent, one battalion at a time, into the line not far from Ypres and directly in front of that famous, or rather infamous, elevation known as Mount Kemmel, from which the boche had a splendid view of the Allied line for miles and took full advantage of the situation by dropping well directed H. E.'s over.

The Second Battalion was brigaded with the Eleventh Queens, Forty-first British Division, and was holding down a decidedly unpleasant bit of ditch between La Clyte and Loere.

Just about that time the British Fourth Army, on the right, was giving the enemy a little shove in the neighborhood of Amiens. It was rather a successful push and resulted in the capture of about 30,000 prisoners and a vast quantity of war materials, and the British were so cheered by the success that they believed Fritz, too, would be impressed by the news of it. A propaganda campaign was decided upon to acquaint their neighbors who lived across No Man's Land of the current events.

The man who planned the propaganda campaign bethought himself of the theatrical advertising medium—the billboard. Orders were sent down the line that boards bearing signs containing news of the British success were to be erected under the cover of night in places where Fritz could get a peek at them.

That was why the scout section of the Second Battalion, under the command of Lieutenant Earle D. Grimm, began rehearsals back stage for their party. The section was fearfully new at the war game, but its members had been prowling around No Man's Land and knew how the land lay.

EVERYTHING was carefully planned, the sign was prepared in German so Fritz would have no trouble getting the facts without the aid of an interpreter, a final dress rehearsal was held and near midnight the patrol started out. It was led by Lieutenant Grimm.

At 12:30, "Let's go" was given and

The party stopped at a place the map called "Contour 60," just seventy-five yards from the boche lines. Every man took his position, alert guards strained eyes and ears, and workers began digging post holes. They worked fast, and soon everything was ready for the erection of the sign.

The signal was given, the men strained—and just then a Very light threw daylight all around them. There was a moment of terrible suspense. The sign swayed. Sixteen men prepared for a trip for which they would need no baggage. But Fritz must have been looking longing toward Berlin, for nothing happened. The light died and the men lived. The sign was swung into position, unveiled without the usual unveiling ceremony, and the men crept away.

THEY left the vicinity just in the nick of time for the boche had finally awakened to the fact that there were activities in the neighborhood, and dumped a big load of metal where the operations had been taking place.

They threaded their way back to safety with occasional stops at convenient shell holes. There hadn't been a casualty. Everyone waited for Fritz to get a look at this fine bit of light reading which was emblazoned on the sign:

SINCE AUGUST EIGHT VARIOUS BRITISH UNITS HAVE ATTACKED AND DRIVEN THE GERMANS FIFTY-SIX KILOS EAST OF AMIENS. THEY HAVE TAKEN 30,000 PRISONERS, TWO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, ONE CORPS HEADQUARTERS AND LARGE QUANTITIES OF CANNON, MACHINE GUNS AND WAR STORES. WHY CONTINUE? AMERICA IS IN THE GAME NOW TO WIN AND IS COMING AT THE RATE OF 300,000 TROOPS MONTHLY.

Fritz read the sign but he didn't pay any surrender calls. He did send his regrets, however. They were in various forms—as many forms as there are different ammunition molds in Germany. If there was anything on his side of the fence he didn't throw over it was because he wanted it himself or it was nailed down. At 6 A.M. dawn came, and we peered over the parapet at our sign. It looked like a sieve.



Lieutenant Grimm, whose legs are longer than an Arctic night

the handful of men started picking their way toward Fritz's underground quarters. It does not take a vivid imagination to picture the difficulties of transporting a sign of white canvas, daubed with mud as camouflage, seven feet high, twelve feet long and attached to posts fourteen feet long, across the barbed wire maze.

Occasionally a Very light would illumine the stage and the statuesque positions assumed by the men during such flares would have sent an audience bent on amusement into hysterical howls of laughter. Lieutenant Grimm was an especially pretty statue—he has legs as long as an Arctic night.

Not a Ghost of a Chance

Or a Chance of a Ghost—Shade of Napoleon and Other Spooks Aided Poilu and Tommy But Yank Fought War Alone

By GEORGE S. WHEAT

WHEN the party of American doughboys who had journeyed to London especially for that purpose, failed to capture the ghost of Catherine Howard, once Queen of England, it became plain that Americans would have to fight the war alone, and without supernatural aid of any kind. The French, British, Russian and Italian armies were full of tales of shades who helped on the battlefields, in the trenches and camps, and even of high flying spooks who did a good turn for aviators in moments of stress.

On the other hand there is not a single instance of record where a spirit did anything to help the A. E. F., even in so small a matter as stealing into the kitchen and lending a K. P. a hand with the potatoes.

The reason may have been that the shades were kept working on the night shift to do all that was expected of them for the Allies. There is the story of the old English bowmen, who marched from five hundred years out of the past and covered the dogged retreat of the "Old Contemptibles" from Mons. It seems a shame to recall it, for a world that does not suspect the presence of spiritual aid would give the British credit in that retreat for fighting one

of the greatest losing battles in history.

Time and again Joan of Arc, on a milk-white charger, has rallied the French, and the great Napoleon came to the aid of Joffre at the Marne, according to myths, that are all over France. On Armistice Day, and when the news of the Kaiser's abdication and flight was thrilling France, the people were saying to one another, "The White Lady must have walked"; the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns who stalks just before death or disaster overtakes a member of the house. This ghost is now reported out of a job.

Against these supernatural manifestations even the raciest imaginings of our own colored soldiers amount to almost nothing. Consequently when the well remembered Paris edition of the *New York Herald* mentioned that the ghost of Queen Catherine was expected to walk on the anniversary of her death, a few days hence, the doughboys concluded here was a chance to capture a real ghost and put it to work.

ON arrival in England they found the castle Hampton Court, near London, which is given as the ghost's abiding place. An ancient attendant, described as being "old enough to have been Catherine's own personal headwaiter," related how "Er late Majesty" had been arrested in the year 1542 at the instance of her husband, Henry VIII. Wrenching herself from the guards she fled to the presence of the King, who was piously hearing mass in the Holiday Closet, as the chapel was called. For this intrusion he ordered her beheaded. According to tradition she always has walked on the anniversary night of her execution.

"And this is the day the old dame is due to report," remarked Doughboy No. 1.

"We came to wait and get a look at her," added another.

"Yes, if you don't mind we'll stick around and see what turns up," put in No. 3, casting about for a chair.

The venerable attendant gave a voluntary start. This was most extraordinary, you know. In all his service at Hampton Court he had never heard of the like of this. To



The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns is now reported out of a job, but she was at work when Wilhelm abdicated

these bloomin' Yankees nothing was sacred, or fearful, not even a royal ghost.

"Really," said he, at length, with impressive finality, "it isn't done."

"Oh, it doesn't feaze us," said the doughboys, "we'll try anything once."

It was up to the attendant to pursue different tactics. Gathering his visitors about him he said:

"Young gentleman," said he, "this is for your private and confidential ear. The plain truth is, young gentlemen, that it's hardly worth your while to wait. 'Er late Majesty 'asn't walked in some three 'undred year."

The first stories of "war ghosts" were reported a few weeks after the British had entrenched themselves following their great retreat from Mons. Newly arriving troops and letters from home constantly were asking veterans of the retreat, "How did you do it, against such tremendous odds." And then the correspondents heard the story of the shadowy host of bowmen who checked the crack guard regiments of Prussia as they thrust Britain's "contemptible little army" back; stayed them and saved the channel ports, the superstitious said. This story was cabled all over the world, and soon investigators began to trace its source. So far as is known, no person would admit, over his own signature and on oath that he had seen the bowmen, but several men "thought they saw" a mighty captain, clad in pure white and like the knights of old, riding up and down the lines. "It was probably St. George," a trooper in the Scotch Greys said, and then the myth of the return of England's patron saint went broadcast.

During the thrust for the channel ports and for Paris, which the Ger-



The shades usually worked on the night shift

mans made a few months later, a French battalion was completely cut off in the fighting. Rapidly it was being annihilated by German shells when, suddenly and mysteriously the gunfire ceased. A white horseman appeared descending from the clouds, heading a mighty host, all in silver armor.

"Jeanne d'Arc!" the poilus cried. "Jeanne d'Arc!"

In June, 1916, a story reached Paris from Nice, saying that a mysteri-

During the retreat from Mons several Tommies "thought they saw" a mighty captain clad like the knights of old, riding up and down the British lines

the poilu was relieved, and he told his officers about the matter. According to the story they went to the Hospice des Enfants-Assistes, nearby, and to their amazement found that "J. M., age 7, and A. B., age 11," inmates of the institution, already had discovered the white wraith and had talked to her.

Soldiers and civilians took great interest in the matter, and the following evening the children interviewed the wraith a second time. The news spread quickly, and on the

vouched that the apparition replied to more than sixty such questions with unfailing accuracy.

THE story of Napoleon's shade in aiding the battle of the Marne was printed in a French weekly which was suppressed, because "the French government must rely on natural and spiritual aid rather than on the superstitious and supernatural." In telling the story the narrator does not mention Joffre's name, but refers to him as the Supreme Commander.

When the advancing Germans were bearing down on the suburbs of Paris early in the war, Avion No. 28 in a Bleriot monoplane was sent to



ous "lady in white" had appeared in a flowered field in the commune of La Croix, department of Alpes-Maritimes, and for ten nights had made strange revelations about the war. A territorial on guard duty on a lonely road had challenged the woman and bade her halt when, to his terror, she walked unharmed through his bayonet and perched herself high in an apple tree. When he recovered sufficiently from his fright he began to question her. She replied that she would speak only to children. Soon

third evening scores of mothers, wives and sweethearts thronged the field to ask about loved ones.

"Where is Pierre?" one asked. "We have not heard from him since December 1, 1915."

"He will soon be writing," the white lady answered. On May 29 his family received a postcard saying he was well.

A woman asked about her soldier husband. "We have had no news since April 1, 1915," she said.

"He will arrive soon on furlough," came the reply. He arrived on May 30. A dispatch to the Paris newspaper setting forth this account

make an inspection of their lines, seeking where the French could counter attack and make a stand. As he glanced to the German right he thought he saw fewer Germans there than elsewhere. Here France must attack while standing on the Marne.

Turning about, the observer ordered the pilot to fly high and directly back to headquarters. He had not proceeded far until before him he saw three German Taubes! A German bullet nicked the Bleriot's propeller blade and the laminated wood burst into pieces. Then another German bullet "went home," and a wing strut buckled as the pilot attempted to volplane his mortally-wounded machine to earth.

(Continued on page 28)

THE EDITORIAL P. C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

Let's Not "be Hard-boiled"

WHEN the Federal Board for Vocational Education issued an order last summer confiscating the wages of the heroic disabled a confiding and grateful nation had entrusted to that body's care, it seemed that the limit had been reached. When THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY revealed this shameful exploitation of the labor of our maimed veterans, and bared the Board's black record of broken promises and betrayal of trust, the order was rescinded and other gestures of reform indulged in to quiet the storm that broke.

Indeed, representatives of the Board were so adroit in their assurances as to create in some minds a doubt whether such an order ever actually had been issued. This Magazine on one occasion was called upon by another nationally known publication to cite proof that such an order was promulgated by the Board. Needless to say we were able to do so, and the retraction which the Board, in a letter assailing the veracity of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, had requested that the other magazine publish on account of having reprinted excerpts from our articles, was not forthcoming.

It now appears, however, that the confiscation order was withdrawn merely to give place in time to another dictum, which is vicious almost beyond belief. The central office of the Board at Washington has issued the following instructions for the guidance of its agents who are in contact with the wounded men:

The organs used in approving cases are the eyes and the brain. The ears and the heart do not function.

Be hard-boiled. Members of the district office staffs will beat you over the head with verbal pressure. District pressure causes all our mistakes. Put cotton in your ears and lock the door. If you are naturally sympathetic, work nights when nobody is there.

The American Legion and the American people may thank the *New York Evening Post*, an excellent and fearless newspaper, for having brought the foregoing to light.

Out in Leavenworth, Kansas, in a good, safe place, lives a fellow called Hard-boiled Smith. He, too, claims to have received an order to "be hard-boiled." Of course, the case of Smith and that of the Vocational Board are not altogether similar. Smith received the alleged order while handling convicted military prisoners, some of whom were desperate men and pretty hard-boiled *hombres* themselves. The slacker Vocational Board applies the order to mutilated and helpless cripples, your wounded buddies, men, who cashed in their health and strength on fields of fire in France.

The National Commander of the American Legion also has issued an order. He has directed that investigations be inaugurated in every state and the truth uncovered in this sordid situation. What Legionnaire will shirk that call? Let's not be hard-boiled ourselves. Let's be fair, but to the guilty—their dues.

Calm Under Fire

The newspapers made a point of the fact that General Pershing "exhibited no concern" when a fire in the upper part of a New York theater interrupted a performance the old C-in-C attended last week.

We Plead Our Own Case

TO win justice for those who served, The American Legion has carried to the halls of Congress its fight on the issue so commonly misnamed the "bonus question." In view of the action of the Minneapolis convention on this matter, the Legion held its hand as long as possible in the hope that it might not be necessary for it to lead a fight which might appear inspired by motives of self-profit.

The delegates at Minneapolis magnanimously refused to take the initiative in favor of beneficial legislation for undischarged soldiers and sailors, because, as they said in a resolution, "the Legion feels it cannot ask for legislation in its selfish interest, and leaves with confidence to the Congress to discharge this obligation."

This delicacy, however, seems to have been lost on the Congress in which the convention expressed "confidence." After three months so little had been done that the Legion took its case in its own hands.

The Legion does not ask, nor do its members seek, a mere "bonus"—a gratuity, a tip, if you will, for a service rendered when the nation called; a service sacred and above the considerations of price and barter. The Legion does ask that Congress do the square thing by helping the ex-service man to buy a farm, or a home in town, or complete an education interrupted by the war, or if he stands not in need of any of these things, accord him a readjustment of compensation.

Surely any one of these options is the least that is due the men who went out and fought for a dollar a day and up while others stayed home and fought for higher wages.

The Y. M. C. A. Gift

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY knows that it speaks for all the members of the Legion and all former service men in thanking the Y. M. C. A. for its gift of \$500,000.

The Y. M. C. A. undertook the operation of the post exchanges in France, at the request of General Pershing. A total of almost \$38,000,000 in business was transacted. In handling this sum the Y. M. C. A. lost almost \$1,500,000 on the cost of the articles and on transportation charges, not taking into account wages, traveling expenses, rental or construction of huts.

Recently the American and French governments remitted \$500,000 to meet the loss on transportation charges on canteen goods. This sum the Y. M. C. A. offered to the Legion as "the organization most intimately in touch with ex-service men and best qualified to make the best use of any such funds in their interests." It was requested the money be used for the benefit of disabled ex-service men, but this was left to the discretion of the Legion.

Accepting the gift, the executive committee of the Legion decided to put the principal in trust, using the income for the purposes desired.

A recital of the facts is commendation enough of the generous spirit that moved the Y. M. C. A. to this splendid gift to its former brothers in service. Perhaps it is harder to receive a gift of this kind gracefully than it is to make it. This being so, the Y. M. C. A. will understand why our words are such poor vehicles for the gratitude we feel.



When the Intelligence Officer reported chickens in the town across from the sector held by the Buffaloes

It's Great to Be a Sergeant Major

By LEONARD ORMEROD



*Some neat blank books
with a horse on the
cover we buried near
Apremont.*

PALMER COX, whose verses immortalized the "Brownies" a generation or so ago, once wrote a poem describing a convention of predatory animals, at which pledges were taken to lead a better life. The wolf, the bear and the weasel told of pillage and murder,

*But when the fox rose in his place
All eyes were fastened on his face,
For he was known to great and small
As master villain of them all.*

As late sergeant major in the A. E. F., sitting down to pour out my confessions to a brunette typewriter, I am conscious of the accusing eyes upon me, and feel as conspicuous as a marine corporal being kissed by a French general in the presence of the regiment. But the whole sad story is going to be told so that it may serve as a warning to young men who are ambitious to grow six stripes on their upper right arm.

Picture, if you can, an innocent young corporal in a field artillery regiment, his boyish cheek pillowed on a pair of hob-nails as he slumbers under a pup tent in the Bois de Boucq, a few days after the St. Mihiel carnival. Even the top sergeant has foreborne to put our hero in charge of a ditching detail, while all animals love him, as a group of them gamboling about his shirt collar indicates.

But temptation in the person of a six-foot major reaches out and lays a hand upon him. He awakes to learn that the outfit has been issued a new colonel, that the old regimental sergeant major is going to brigade headquarters. His post was vacant. While yet I slept the fates had been working. The major informed me that, with the entire regiment to select from. I was the bird who had been chosen to rank the top kicker and regimental supply sergeant.

Such were the circumstances under which I reported to the colonel in the *mairie* of the village of St. Germain-de-la-Something, and I have never been the same since. As assistants I had a young Franco-American corporal, who was a good worker if there were no French girls between the ages of six and sixty within 150

kilometers, and one private, who a few days later was at rest under a wooden cross on Mount Blanc.

TWO days after I fell into the new job the division started out for the Champagne front, and I soon began to shed blank forms like a moulting hen. A field desk with a busted lock and a squat typewriter with sabotage tendencies constituted our field equipment. The desk was full when a large wad of memoranda arrived from division headquarters, so I fired a bundle of morning report blanks and made room for the newcomer.

The process was simple and I followed it up. Most of the guard books went flooy at St. Etienne, and I put the last one in the field stove at Vaux-Champagne. Some neat blank books with a horse on the cover did not look to me as though they would help beat the Germans, so they were buried with the garbage near Apremont the day we reached the Meuse-Argonne sector. Of course, I might have asked the advice of the adjutant about this method of lightening ship, but he was a busy man, and I felt it my duty to bother him as little as possible.

Later, when we were in the Army of Occupation, and were getting back to peace-time soldiering, a loud howl went up for all the blank forms incident to that gentle pastime, but by that time I had become such an adept liar that I could have explained the loss of an entire supply train with grace and ease. "Lost in battle!"—what crimes are committed in thy name!

AND well it is for a sergeant major to develop the art of written and verbal camouflage, for more than once he will be called on "to make something look like what it ain't." For example, after I had been on the job for about a month, I was messing over some junk in the field desk when I came across a sheaf of blue, white and yellow papers written in French

and English. It seems that some indolent dog robber had tied a spavined horse to a moth-eaten peach tree belonging to a Frenchman in Thiaucourt. The Germans had ruined his house, carried off his crops, and stolen his cow, but because the horse bit a mouthful out of his pedigreed tree the man wanted damages in the sum of 287 francs.

French authorities had approved the claim, and the papers had wound their tortuous way through the military channels of two countries, accumulating endorsements and official seals until the bundle looked like the treaty of peace. The last endorsement was four weeks old. If I took it to the adjutant he would call me down, and then the division adjutant would call him down, and yells of rage would soon be echoing from Somme Py to Chaumont.

So I applied the old system, and used the documents to heat some shaving water. Two months later the official inquiry came along, but "careful search of the records of the um-th Field Artillery show no such claim was ever received at this office." So a new ball of tape was unwound, and the present sergeant major probably still is writing letters about that peach tree.

But the heaviest thing on my conscience is the phantom "sergeant's mess" that functioned intermittently from the latter part of October until after we were established across the Rhine. The thing started when we were holding the south bank of the Aisne, with Fritz hanging on to the north bank, and things had quieted down a bit after the big October shove. The C. O. thought it would improve the morale of the headquarters outfit if we established a separate mess for the sergeants, with our own K. P. to bring the chow from the kitchen and clean up the table.

THERE were growls from the ins as well as the outs, and as the old man's right-hand bower I fielded most of them, but orders are orders,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

and the mess struggled along until we started to move.

When the three-strippers ate with the gang we could stow the corned willie away in five minutes with a fork, and take a minute off that time by using a spoon, but to fix up a mess of our own took the best part of an hour. By vigorous use of energy and profanity, and thanks to the Germans, who gave the colonel something else to worry about, I kept that bunch of eggs in line for a time; but the boss found out one night that we were messing with the common herd, and when he started to roar at me I eased the buck along to the first looie who was commanding headquarters company.

Before sundown the loot had landed on me all spraddled out, and said he wasn't going to have the old man on his neck any more about that mess, and that I was to get the darned thing established, "even though we only stopped for an hour."

The top soak hadn't cared any more for the special mess than he had for the measles, but I sought him out, put all the cards on the table, and convinced him that somebody was due for an awful jolt unless something was done. I proposed the scheme of the "phantom mess," and it was unanimously approved.

Thereafter when we hit a stopping place, even if it was only a farmhouse, the sergeants had a mess. It might be a stable, a bedroom, an old-fashioned kitchen with a stone floor, or a wagon shed, but officially all the three-strippers ate there, though actually we might fill up the mess kit at the kitchen and swallow its contents most anywhere. The whole thing was as fine a paper organization as could be wished.

"SERGEANT Major," the C. O. would ask, now and then, "have you non-coms your own mess?"

"Yes, sir. We are using a large, well ventilated barn loft."

"Got an orderly to bring your food and clean up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is he?"

"Private Clark, sir. He's the man that reported for guard duty wearing rubber boots."

"Very well."

Then I would hunt up Clark and threaten to have him railroaded to a labor battalion if he ever denied that he was K. P. for the non-coms. By this ruse the colonel, the sergeants and the bucks were all pleased until we took up semi-permanent headquarters beyond the Rhine, and under favorable conditions the "phantom mess" became a reality.

MARCH 12, 1920

Shortly after the armistice we drew a new colonel, who won for himself the unofficial title of Whizzbang. My experience was that colonels, like prima donnas, are a temperamental lot, and it is best to show them all the goods in your stock of military etiquette until they pick out what they like. Whereupon you can put the rest of the tricks back in the bag and get some business done.

But this party had some ideas that I never found in the book, and they sometimes sent the sergeant major's goat bleating all over Rheinisch Prussia. The old system was to shout "Attention!" when the boss first put in an appearance in the morning, whereupon the corporal and the buck clerk snapped to their feet, kicking over a chair or two, and I got into the right position, after turning the ink bottle over on the guard roster.

"Good morning, men. Rest!" was the form of greeting to which I was accustomed, but Whizz was educated in a different school.

WHEN he showed up someone would sound off with "Attention," but when he got it he did not know what to do with it. Usually he would walk up to me and salute me, and then start a little conversation. Some joker must have cut the word "Rest" out of the colonel's dictionary, for I never heard him say it while I was in his outfit. The boys said standing at attention was not so bad after the first half-hour, but in time they got so they would go back to work at the end of fifteen minutes.



"Rise and shine! First call went five minutes ago," said the buck, giving the General another shake.

The boss wasn't so bad, however, after one learned his methods, and I made it my business to do that little thing. He could never be accused of charity toward rum hounds, and for a time even forbade wine at the officers' mess. Consequently when the enlisted men of the regimental detail were having their Christmas celebration in our castle on the Rhine, we nearly fell into the river when informed that we might purchase what wine we wanted from the stock of

Count W——, our involuntary host.

"Safety first," said we. So in about an hour we had shown that steward more marks than he knew the Reichsbank had ever put out, and had stowed *beaucoup* bottles of red and white juice in a closet.

Sure enough, the boss visited our Christmas tree that afternoon. He saw a half-dozen empties in the background, and must have thought that plenty of holiday cheer for fifty men, for a little later the steward whispered to me that he had been ordered not to sell us any more wine. Were we downhearted? Not with a supply that would be worth a division payroll in the United States today.

There never was any soldiering like that before. One corporal had a private bedroom in the castle, but was ousted temporarily when a flock of officers came down from Nieuwied a few nights later for a holiday blow-out. The corporal's bed was placed at the disposal of a brigadier general, but the buck who used to call the corporal for reveille was not notified.

CONSEQUENTLY in the dim dawn of the following morning the general felt a rude hand on his shoulder.

"Smatter?" he muttered.

"Rise and shine! First call went five minutes ago," said the buck, giving the general another shake.

"Good heavens! Must I stand 'reveille'?"

By that time the soldier saw something was wrong. His eye fell on a coat draped over a chair, and a silver star winked up at him from the shoulder-strap.

"No, sir. You can stay in bed all day," stuttered the buck, and fled.

A regimental sergeant major needs only one friend in the army, but needs him badly, and that friend must be the adjutant. Let the colonel rave and the enlisted men swear to bide their time until they catch you in civvies. It "machts nicht aus," as they say in the A. F. in G., if the adjutant stands by you. Let me here acknowledge the debt

I owe a certain army

captain. If he told all he knew about me to a general court martial, the best I could hope for would be a sunrise shooting party. But it is a poor rule that does not work north as well as south, and he and I will carry a few of our mutual secrets to the grave.

THE quickest thing I ever did as sergeant major was the last—and that was to fade, and stand not on the order of my fading.

(Continued on page 27)

BURSTS and DUDS



Tommy: "Ow far is it to the camp, mate?"

Native: "Five miles, as the crow flies."

Tommy: "Well, an' 'ow far is it supposin' the crow 'as to walk and carry a bloomin' rifle an' kit bag?"

Corporal Johnson's squad was advancing under a hail of machine gun bullets, with shrapnel and high explosive bursting all around. "Hey there, Sam," called one of the doughboys to his neighbor, "Scare me, will you; I've got the hiccups."

The mountaineer was on the witness stand and during the course of his examination he spat expressively on the floor of the courtroom. The judge fined him a dollar for contempt of court. The witness tendered a ten dollar bill and when the clerk offered him nine dollars in return, the mountaineer said: "Keep the change, Jedge, I may want ter spit agin."

The C. O. of a certain regiment in France was taking a walk through the town where the regiment was stationed when he discovered two young Americans in blue overalls peering in all the cafes along the avenue. The colonel went up to the men and asked what they were doing.

"Sir," came back the answer in low tones, "we are prisoners, and we can't find our sentry to take us back to the guard house."

"Mamma," said Elsie, "George Washington must have had aw'fully good memory."

"Why, Elsie."

"Because, Mamma, every place I go I see a monument dedicated to his memory."

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will pay for all jokes and other material suitable for *Bursts and Duds*. Address, Editor, "Bursts and Duds," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

"A new shell hole is the safest place in No Man's Land," explained the young hero who had just brought back a message to the S.O.S., "for you see no two shells ever light in the same place from one gun."

"D'yuh understan' dat?" asked one stevedore of another.

The recruit was on guard duty for the first time. Through the dusk of the evening he saw a major approaching. Somewhat overawed by the rank of the officer, he issued his challenge in this way: "Halt! Look who's here."



A member of a colored regiment was getting final instructions before going on picket duty for the first time in France. "If you hear footsteps you are to call out: 'Who goes there?'" reminded the sergeant.

"Yassah, yassah," answered the ducky, "but I'se tellin' you—all right now I'se not takin' no chances with Mr. Hun. You'll heah me sing out: 'Who lays dah?'"

"How unworthy I am of you, dear," he murmured as he held her close.

"Oh, Fred," she sighed, "if you and father only agreed on everything the way you do on that, how happy we would be."

Over in a Yank hospital in France a boy from way down in the Ozarks was going over in his mind the journey from home. He stuck his head from under the sheets long enough to put a question to his neighbor.

"Say, Buddy, what's the name of that thar town where we sailed from?"

"Hoboken?"

"No, that other place."

"New York."

"That's it. I never could remember all them thar names."

Army Medico: "There's nothing the matter with you. In civil life you wouldn't come to me with such an ailment, would you?"

Buck: "You bet I wouldn't. I'd send for you."



Boost! Will yuh—How d'ye suppose I'm going to see how much I weigh?

"Sure, when one shell lights, de same place ain' dere no more."

The new arrivals at the front were passing some time during a lull by playing a hand of poker. Just as Bill seemed about to raise the ante a dud passed through the shelter taking his head with it. One of the players reaching over to pick up the dead man's cards remarked casually, "Shucks, he didn't have no hand anyhow."

There was one exceptional man in the army. He was a milkman. "I like the army life," he wrote home, "only it's mighty hard to lie in bed every morning until 5:30."



THE WEEK in the LEGION

Mexico City veterans have organized a post.

Silver Bow Post, of Butte, Mont., put one over recently by advertising its minstrel show with an aeroplane.

Though the M. Ps have gone, there seem to be a few A.W.O.L.s and such left in Paris still. The post is doing its best to get them out of the toils of the French law.

Theodore Roosevelt will address Trenton, N. J., Post No. 104 March 26. That slogan "Get one more for 104" has put the post in the 1,000 membership class.

Dover, Delaware, has a population of only 5,000. However, they managed to kick in with \$904.21 at a recent dance for the memorial building of Walter L. Fox Post No. 2.

Arthur Viens Post, No. 704, the silver button post of the Bronx, New York City, staged a successful variety show at its first entertainment at Hunts Point Palace recently.

Donnelley Post No. 124, of Chicago, has been organized somewhat after the nature of a military press club. It already has a post house and is composed exclusively of printers and advertising men.

Austin, Minn., Post No. 91, has managed to get the local papers to give it regular space twice weekly and is generally contriving to keep itself very much alive and in the public eye.

Brighton-Allston Post No. 17, of Brighton, Mass., has set out to raise \$50,000 for its memorial building, which will be in the form of a club house dedicated to the memory of the boys who didn't come home.

Utah taboos a monument having only a commemorative value, according to a circular from the department of that state, and is out for a memorial building that will comprise an auditorium, lounging rooms, a gymnasium, swimming pool and other useful appurtenances.

This department aims to be a week-to-week reflection of the entire Legion. To make it so Department and Post Adjutants and Legion members should contribute regularly. Photographs wanted. Address Editor, "Week in the Legion," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Post "11-11-11," No. 855, Brooklyn, claims its adoption of the victory hour as a name is the most original in the Legion.

Thomas R. Callahan, historian of Atlantic, Mass., post, wants to know how much to pay post adjutants and finance officers. Tell him, someone.

Gievres is still a reality to some of us. Loir and Cher Post No. 2, American Legion, has just been organized there. Also La Rochelle, which is the home of the new Standard No. 3 Post.

No, Paris is not the furthest out of the Legion posts. Some of the old crowd are getting up a post in Shanghai, China, and across the ditch another bunch in Tokio is worrying as to the proper formalities for membership and charter.

J. H. Knight, aerial mail pilot, who flew 355 miles in 130 minutes recently, and later tried to carry serum to the New York olive poisoning victims, is a member of Ralph Rumbaugh Post No. 51, Buchanan, Mich. And they don't mind who knows it.

When William Riker Johnson Post No. 205 passes resolutions it means business. A recent one protesting against senators using the franking privilege on alleged Irish propaganda is addressed to such prominent quarters as the President of the United States and this magazine.

It had been a hard day for the editor until his eye lit on this from Vernon Horton, secretary of J. A. Lyons Post No. 122, Roslyn, N. Y.: "The fellows certainly do look forward to the coming of the WEEKLY again. It is one of the best magazines on the market, and I wish you all kinds of success."

Despite the illness of ye editorial scribe of the Bulletin of Frank S. Reynolds Post No. 26, Bakersfield, Cal., he managed to get out a twelve-page sheet for February as full of pep as we used to feel the night before the morning after.

Ira Lou Spring Post, Jamestown, N. Y., was in the middle of one of those pow-wows organizing a medical unit to fight the influenza epidemic the other day, when their hand was called. Last reports the patients were doing nicely, thank you.

Hugh M. Caldwell, of Noble Post, Seattle, Wash., erstwhile major, who quit the job of city attorney to put in a hitch, is back to his old tricks. This time he bluffed out the opposition of all Seattle's press and was elected mayor.

Here's a wrinkle that may be worth giving the once over twice. In the words of the post historian: "The Frank J. Gard Post, of Glendora, Cal., is conducting, as part of its Americanization work, a campaign to get all qualified electors to register."

Last heard from Tiger Post No. 23, New York City, it was roaring promises of an entertainment without peer for the beginning of this month through the *Tiger Bulletin* and calling on General Bullard to be present or give the reason why, thumbs to seams.

The French Minister of Education has approved the offer of Paris Post No. 1 of an annual essay prize for French school children. Incidentally the post has just been honored by being the first foreign organization admitted to the Union des Societes Francaises de Sports Athletiques, corresponding to the A.A.U. here.

Who wouldn't be the wife of a member of Harry Bullock Post No. 312, sex permitting? The post is opening a community dining room for its members and their families, where they can eat cheaper than they can at home and where there's no k. p. duty for the women.

(Continued on page 25)



What's that about avoiding even the appearance of evil?



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French |
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Pictures of France

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Can answer many questions about France.

GEORGETTE CAMMUS
220 rue du Faubourg St. Antoine
PARIS, (12) FRANCE

FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address, Editor, "Find Your Buddy," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. Photographs returned if request is made in writing ON THE PHOTO together with name and address of person to whom it shall be remitted.

The Editor begs the indulgence of the hundreds of contributors to "Find Your Buddy" whose contributions have not been published. In the four weeks which the WEEKLY was not issued "Buddy" letters continued to pour in. We hope they will keep coming. Special efforts will be exerted to find additional space for this department and all back notices will be printed at the earliest possible date.

SERGEANT W. C. WOODWARD, formerly of the 33d Div., write H. A. Haupt, Bloomington, Ind.

GEORGE P. SOWDON, write your sister, Miss Blanche Sowdon, 1 Linden St., Somerville, Mass.

COMPANY A, 164TH INF.—Company Clerk G. N. Turner would like to hear from some of the old bunch.

132D, or 362D INF.—Anyone knowing anything of the whereabouts of Ralph A. Davidson, write to his mother, Mrs. Kate Davidson, 791 Water St., Meadville, Pa.

COMPANY L, 58TH INF.—Sergt. Daniel Nelson, Base Hospital, Ward 3, Fort Sam Houston, Tex., would like to hear from Lieutenant Flannigan.

COMPANY E, 39TH INF.—Charles James Waters was killed in action. His mother, Rachel Waters, Greely, Iowa, would like to hear from anyone who knew her son.

49TH COMPANY, 5TH MARINES—Robert McBride, Brinkley, Ark., would like to hear from someone who knows any particulars concerning the death of his brother, Arthur McBride.

LIEUT. JAMES WARD, formerly at the Parker Hill Hospital, your home address is wanted by Miss Evelyn M. Donohue, 15 Allston St., Charleston, Mass.

59TH INF.—Anyone in the company in which James J. Boyle was a second Lieutenant will do a great favor by writing to Miss Helen Maupay, 409 Pacific Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

PITTSBURGH BUDDIES.—Sherman Welsh, an ex-soldier, was last heard of in Pittsburgh. Any information concerning his whereabouts will be appreciated by his mother, Mrs. Howard Welsh, 1024 N. Union Ave., Olean, N. Y.

314TH AMBULANCE COMPANY.—Ed. F. Wilson was reported killed in action September 29, 1918. His mother would like to hear from any of his buddies. Address Mrs. E. F. Wilson, R. 5, Box 157b, Texarkana, Tex.

COMPANY B, 128TH INF.—Pvt. Paul L. Flatke is supposed to have been buried October 11, 1918. Anyone having information concerning his last days, please write his sister, Mrs. H. E. Baker, Iron Mountain, Mich.

COMPANY A, 127TH INF.—Pvt. Harry Starbuck was killed in action on August 5, 1918, on the Vesle. Any members of this company who were in this action and knew Private Starbuck write his brother, Frank Starbuck, Grawn, Mich.

COMPANY K, 58TH INF.—Mrs. James Kane, 222 Oakland St., Springfield, Mass., desires to hear from any one who knew her son, James P. Kane, who was wounded in battle, October 11, 1918, and died October 16, 1918, Base Hospital 36, A. P. O. 732.

COMPANY M, 11TH INF.—Corp. Charles A. Grimes was reported killed in action, September 12, 1918. His father would like to know the circumstances and the battle in which he was killed. Address James M. Grimes, R. No. 3, Hillsville, Va.

COMPANY G, 28TH INF.—Pvt. Clarence E. Wiley was reported killed in action, October 10, 1918; family unable to get his grave registration number. Anyone having any information concerning his death, write his father, Charles N. Wiley, Toledo, Ia.

Co. M, 361ST INF., AND BASE HOSP. No. 9.—Mother of Harry J. Weller is anxious to learn the exact date of the death of her son. War Department notified her that he died November 15, but later changed the date to November 30. Letters returned from Central P. O. A. E. F., show he died of wounds September 30. Anyone having information write Frank C. McColloch, Commander Baker Post 41, Baker, Ore.

86TH AERO SQDN.—C. F. Piesbergen, Belleville, Ill., would like to hear from all former members of this squadron.

82D DIV.—William D. Dodd would like to get in touch with Sergt. Maj. J. B. Kass regarding a history of the division, or anyone else knowing of one.

326TH INF.—Last heard of, Sergt. Clarence Parker was in Brest. Anyone having information write B. L. Wildes, 27 Union St., Haverhill, Mass.

H. Q. COMPANY, 73D INF.—Thomas B. Buxton would like to hear from former 1st Sergt. Samuel W. Butler and Sergt. Frank Haley. Address 70 Calumet St., Pittsfield, Mass.

113TH INF., COMPANY B.—Any members of this company who knew Pvt. Bernard Almon please communicate with Cyril C. E. Endicott, Carmi, Ill.

U. S. S. "PRINCESS MATOIKA."—Will someone who was on this ship when she had her picture taken at Portsmouth Navy Yard in February, 1919, write to D. J. Logan, Bradley Beach, N. J.?

AIR SERVICE.—W. Rockwell, 59 N. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Mich., wants to hear from "Daddy" Cohen, Barracks 33, Kelley Field, No. 1, and Sergt. James E. Jacobs, M. C., Eberts Field, Ark.

Co. D, 18TH INF.—Pvt. Lawrence P. Bovally reported killed October 4, 1918. Any news of his death will be welcome by his mother, Mrs. Leo Bovally, 63 South View St., Waterbury, Conn.

Co. I, 102D INF.—George Higgins reported killed in action, September 5, date later changed to September 26, 1918. Anyone able to give any information is asked to write to Frank Montgomery, Temperanceville, Ohio.

M. G. Co., 139TH INF.—Sergt. Frank O. Pierce was wounded in the Argonne near Cheppy. Last heard of at first-aid station there. Anyone knowing of his fate write Mrs. W. J. Pierce, R. 3, Bronson, Kan.

Co. K, 23D INF.—Pvt. Edward H. Hunt reported slightly wounded at Chateau Thierry, June 6, 1918; has been missing since that date. Anyone having information write his mother, Mrs. Julia Hunt, Box 52, Johnsonville, N. Y.

Co. L, 355TH INF.—Andrew Kline was transferred to Newport News in the spring of 1918 to be sent overseas; never heard from after that. Anyone having information write R. E. Mayland, 844 W. Work St., Sheridan, Wyo.

361ST INF.—Harry Shanker severely wounded October 10 in Meuse-Argonne, taken to Mobile Hospital No. 2, October 11, and died October 15. Any information would be appreciated by Milton W. Korach, the Argus Co., 815 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Co. H, 47TH INF.—Pvt. Bernhard H. Werner reported missing in action, August, 1918; in April, 1918, reported wounded, degree undetermined. Anyone knowing anything about him write his sister, Miss Laura Werner, Edgar, Wis., R. 1, Box 109.

79TH Co., 6TH MARINES.—Pvt. Richard E. Hanrigan was killed in Meuse-Argonne, October 4, 1918, doing duty as stretcher-bearer. Anyone having information concerning his death write his brother, J. W. Hanrigan, 38 Cliff St., Norwich, Conn.

COMPANY 5, 313TH INF.—Corp. William E. Sheridan was wounded in action, September 26, 1918, at Montfaucon and died two days later. His mother would like to hear from someone who was near him when he died. Address Mrs. Mary Sheridan, 317 Highland St., Hawley, Pa.

MISSING IN U. S.—Pvt. Arthur F. Matties reenlisted in Battery B, 14th F. A., Ft. Sill, Okla., May 26, 1919; he received thirty days' furlough to visit his parents in Michigan and has not been seen since. Anyone having any information as to his whereabouts write Mrs. Fred Matties, Metz, Mich.

308TH INF.—Thomas Safranek was in Co. A or B of the 308th. Only information had concerning him after his arrival in France was that he was in the hospital on November 17, 1918, and that he was dropped from his company's roll on December 7. Anyone having information write his sister, Mrs. J. E. Chalupa, 407 E 71st St., New York City.

(Continued on page 20)

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

How One Evening's Study Led to a \$30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training That Any One Can Follow With Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you don't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact, I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man, thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leak-proof most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that

when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as his memory, and whatever progress a man accomplishes can be laid directly to his powers of retaining in his mind the right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the sum total of what we remember—that is, if we read a book and remember nothing that was in it, we have not added one particle to our experience; if we make a mistake and forget about it, we are apt to make the same mistake again, so our experience did not help us. And so on, in everything we do. Our judgment is absolutely dependent

on our experience, and our experience is only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune to-day I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket notebook. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts, and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know now that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation, which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life.

In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income to-day is close to \$30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is \$1,000. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal \$1,000 course.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple the powers of your memory, and how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening, that they are willing to send the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either return them or send you \$5 for each in full payment.

☐ Roth Memory Course.

☐ By David M. Roth.

☐ How to Read Character at Sight.

☐ By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford.

☐ Mastery of Speech.

☐ By Frederick Houk Law.

☐ Super-Salesmanship (\$7.00).

☐ By Arthur Newcomb.

☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency.

☐ By Edward Earle Purinton.

☐ Ferrin Home-Account System (\$3.00).

☐ By Wesley W. Ferrin.

Name

Address

..... Amer. Leg. 3-12-20

David M. Roth.

When Mr. Roth first determined to exchange his leaky mind for one that would retain anything he wanted it to, it was because he found his memory to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name 20 seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. To-day there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight.

Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has never met to tell him their names, businesses and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do, and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds. Why go around with a mind like a leaky pail when, as Mr. Roth says, "what I have done any one can do."



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Fifth Ave., N. Y. Please submit for examination Hawkins Electrical Guides (Price \$1.00 each). Ship at once, prepaid, the 10 numbers. If satisfactory, I agree to send you \$1 within seven days and to further mail you \$1 each month until paid. (Fill in coupon in pencil.)

Signature _____
Occupation _____
Employed by _____
Residence _____
Reference _____

AL 3-12-20.

FIND YOUR BUDDY

(Continued from page 18)

FRANK MOYE, formerly of Geretner Field, write Joe Partridge, Nampa, Idaho.

FRANK KRUGER, formerly on U. S. S. Yale, write to Paul Shryock, Winchester, Va. He has some money for you.

Co. A, 54TH INF.—Anyone knowing the address of Lieutenant Martin, address Clarence E. Reynolds, Waverly, Ill., 258 Elm St.

AMB. Co., No. 2, 1ST DIV.—Frank Clendenning, cook, write to George F. Kelley, Box 276, Waukon, Iowa.

SERGT. H. H. RAEGE, discharged from G. H. No. 3, Rahway, N. J., write to M. Gray, Box 169, Lewiston, Minn.

JOHN C. MCKINNEY, formerly in Med. Det., Co. B, 89th Div., write to Earl Lupton, Monticello, Mo.

EARL H. GEHO, formerly at classification camp, LeMans, write to William D. Cobb, Jr., 34 Washington St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

19TH ENG., also 49TH ENG., and 50TH ENG.—Your old commanding officer will be glad to establish your record or in any way to be of service to you if you will write him.

LIEUTENANT HIGGINS, formerly commanding officer Co. T, 127th Infantry, Edward P. Guinne, an old sergeant of yours, wants your address. His is Wisconsin Block, Superior, Wis.

COMPANY D., 52D AMMUNITION TRAIN, C. A. C.—Ex-Corporal H. E. Siebenmark, 612 S. Carroll St. South Bend, Ind., wants the address of George Sell, believed to be in Wyoming.

Co. K, 26TH INF.—Pvt. Raymond K. Wilson reported killed October 5, 1919. Information concerning his death is sought by Mrs. F. Knuth, 3640 Ewing St., Wheeling, W. Va.

JOE ELLINGSWORTH, Sergeant, 1st class, Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Pike, Ark., wants address of Elmer Spier, cook, Co. A, 4th Training Regiment, Camp Pike. Lives in Arkansas.

MARINES.—J. H. Resco, General Delivery,avenport, Iowa, has "important news" for Private Finn or Flynn, of Marine Corps, stationed near Madrid, Iowa, at beginning of war.

BAT. E, 15TH F. A.—Last heard of Peter N. Barshaw was from Fort Sill, Okla., in December, 1917. Anyone having information write Parma Post No. 48, Parma, Idaho.

AVIATION MEN.—Ralph L. Haskell, 16 Whitney Avenue, Beverly, Mass., wants to hear from buddies of the 94th and 648th Aero Squadrons and Headquarters, 1st Pursuit Group.

MISSING IN U. S.: Robert Wesley Tarwater, 27 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, dark complexion. Address father, R. W. Tarwater, Route 1, Gallatin, Mo.

SALVATORE CACCIOLA, Q. M., 2D CLASS, U. S. N. His old shipmate on U. S. S. Mexican has important news. Write J. L. MacNabb, 826 Ann St., Columbus, Ohio.

H. Q. Co., 6TH MARINES.—Family of Pvt. Leo T. Burke, reported killed in action July 19, 1918, would like to hear from anyone knowing particulars of his death. Address Mrs. Sarah Burke, 460 Pleasant St., Gardner, Mass.

COMPANY F, 36TH INFANTRY.—Louis J. Lents, Flora, Ill., wants to hear from Captain Robert C. Williams, Bertie Stamples, Ralph Demith or any of the old company; also Joseph Kuzma and Edward Kelly, 14th Cavalry.

HERBERT COLEMAN, Private, Co. K, 163d Infantry, is the name found among the effects of a dead soldier, a buddy of the inquirer, who asks Coleman to write. Address, Elgy Townsend, Dinsdale, Iowa.

B. H. No. 1, FT. SAM HOUSTON.—Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Sergt. Charles J. O'Neill, who was at San Houston until summer of 1918, when he went to France. Address J. R. Habis, Masonic Club, New Orleans, La.

SERGEANT NOBLE EVANS, 78TH COMPANY, 6TH MARINES.—A. Klotz, 289 Aurora Avenue, St. Paul, Minn., writes that recently he received his barracks bag which he lost at the front, and in it were papers belonging to Sergeant Evans, which may be valuable to him.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP, 13TH CAV.—Information is wanted concerning the whereabouts of George S. Rutt, formerly of Chicago, and of Edgar Ridson, formerly of Trenton, N. J., by Zorn Harrig, 604 W. 9th St., Grand Island, Neb.

(Continued on page 22)

Have You Tried a "RELU?"

WHY, Bud, a RELU makes a sergeant love a private and if you didn't have a supply you were sure S. O. L. No K. P.—no detail—no guard—not even the drill field—why, they got by with "murder" and were marked up with the "Sons of Rest" for life. A RELU did it! A Bird of a CIGARETTE! A Comfortable Smoke; kin to an ICE-BERG. Absolutely the finest grade of tobaccos happily blended and put through the mill by a process that gets rid of the SAP. Sap in a cigarette turns your mouth into a HOT-BOX. Is your mouth a HOT-BOX? If so, YOU NEED A RELU—If not, try a pack anyway—GO TO IT!



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THE YEAR 1919

For the New York Life 1919 was in many respects the greatest year in its history.

Our new business (\$531,000,000) exceeded the new business in any previous year by nearly \$200,000,000. Our new business was written exclusively on the lives of individuals who made application to the Company and does not include any so-called Group insurance.

Our Mortality returned to normal figures, after the heavy mortality from influenza in 1918, which extended through the first four months of 1919.

The Russian Soviet Government by decree made life insurance a government monopoly in Russia and proceeded to liquidate the business of all life insurance companies, both domestic and foreign. Having by this decree assumed our liabilities, the government took possession of our property in Russia, including our investments which were chiefly railroad bonds guaranteed by the Russian Government, and purchased with moneys accumulated from premiums paid by Russian policy-holders.

With the concurrence of the Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, approved by the Convention of Insurance Commissioners of the various States, we have eliminated both Russian assets and Russian liabilities from our statement for the year 1919.

There are no material complications elsewhere in our foreign business.

The decrease in assets at the end of 1919, by comparison with assets at the close of 1918, is due to the elimination of the Russian business and to the fact that in the assets at the close of 1918 there were about \$22,000,000 which we had borrowed to purchase Liberty Bonds.

Taking account of these items, the assets in 1919 made a normal increase.

Safety funds increased during the year over \$5,000,000.

On December 31 our investments in Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes exceeded \$100,000,000.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1920

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate.....	\$9,070,481.00	Policy Reserve.....	\$757,098,302.00
Loans on Mortgages.....	159,869,677.31	Other Policy Liabilities.....	24,398,333.52
Loans on Policies.....	145,185,934.77	Premiums, Interest and Rentals	
Loans on Collateral.....	159,000.00	prepaid.....	4,360,124.68
Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes	100,605,626.80	Taxes, Salaries, Rentals, Ac-	
Government, State, County and		counts, etc.....	4,991,560.94
Municipal Bonds.....	147,363,654.60	Additional Reserves.....	6,072,091.44
Railroad Bonds.....	344,053,661.96	Dividends payable in 1920.....	32,045,775.56
Miscellaneous Bonds and Stock..	8,339,274.69	Reserve for Deferred Dividends..	88,157,964.00
Cash.....	20,501,542.64	Reserves, special or surplus funds	
Uncollected and Deferred Pre-		not included above.....	43,897,967.91
miums.....	13,993,352.96		
Interest and Rents due and ac-			
crued.....	11,849,389.88		
Premiums reported to War Risk			
Insurance Bureau under Sol-			
diers' and Sailors' Civil Relief			
Act.....	30,523.44		
Total.....	\$961,022,120.05	Total.....	\$961,022,120.05

Paid Policy-holders during the year 1919

\$116,174,621.00

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- opportunity to travel
- earn while learning
- advancement assured
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Most of our men are ex-service men—we want more men of the same type. We will train you to become a Tree Surgeon, either at home in your spare time or at our headquarters in Kent—and we will guarantee you a position in our own organization, the largest and most successful of its kind in the world. Unmarried men, 18 to 32 years, preferred.

Write for details of our plan—at once. Learn how you may qualify as an expert Tree Surgeon, with the assurance of a well-paid position even before you have completed your training.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.,
50 Elm Street, Kent, Ohio.

FIND YOUR BUDDY

(Continued from page 20)

LEVIE AND LEE R. GRAY, write Mrs. George O. Whitney, Apt. 33, 82 Grand Ave., Portland, Ore.

SERGT. WILLIAM AMBREWSTER, please write to the mother of the late Pvt. A. W. Henderson, Spencertown, N. Y.

COMPANY C, 59TH INF.—Anyone knowing Pvt. Rufus M. Tounsley please write to R. E. Tounsley, 401 Melville Ave., Tampa, Fla.

SERGT. J. D. FATJO, formerly of Tr. Sch. for San. Troops, 1st Depot Div., write to W. B. Hawkins, R. 1., Brighton, Colo.

ROBERT E. SAYNER, who enlisted at Great Lakes Training Station, write M. Gray, Box 169, Lewiston, Minn.

RICHARD ENGLE wants to hear from George Hammond, Cornelius Driscoll and Miss Alice Hoben, army nurse. Address Tacoma, Wash., Gen. Del.

BAT. C, 51ST F. A.—Pvt. Charles B. Cross died in Toul, France, December 6. Anyone having information concerning his death write Charlotte E. Cross, Florence, Colo.

Co. D, 328TH INF.—Anyone having information concerning the fate of Arthur A. Newell please write Harry J. Newell, 59 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

COMPANY K, 125TH INF.—Walter A. Zahnow was killed in action July 21, 1918. Anyone who knew him while in action please write Charles N. Elliott, 1701 Johnson St., Saginaw, Mich.

Co. L, 109TH INF.—Rudolph Walter is supposed to have been left in Paris either on M. P. duty or on account of injury. Anyone having any information about him write his sister, Beatrice Walter, 3920 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MISSING: Ray Archer, 139th Infantry, was seen in June, 1919, at St. Aignan-Noyers, marked casual, and held waiting arrival of service record. Write, L. L. Varner, 9226 Wade Park Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, who will notify parents.

H. Q. TROOP, 37TH DIV.—Pvt. Luman P. Harman died on October 4, 1918, from wounds and pneumonia and was buried at Fleury, France. Any particulars of his death would be appreciated by T. Harman, Picture Rocks, Pa.

GEORGE SMITH, 525 Eleventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from George Deering, who enlisted in the Marine Corps under the name of Joseph Keogh, and from Harold C. Winn, Sergt. Q. M. C., Gen. Hosp. No. 1, Bronx, N. Y.

SUP. Co., 27TH INF.—Roy Linquist, wagoner, has not been heard from since February 26, 1919, when he was stationed at Habarovsk, Siberia. His mother would like to hear from some of his buddies. Address Mrs. Emma Lindquist, Hyrum, Utah.

COMPANY B, 102d INF.—George A. Davis was reported missing for many months; now reported dead since November, 1918. Will someone who was with him during his last days write his mother, Mrs. Martha E. Davis, 519 W. Chestnut St., Carthage, Mo.?

OTIS L. YOUNG, 646 State Street, Kansas City, Kans., wants to hear from the vice-president of the White Knights' Bible Class organized aboard the transport *Missanabie*, June 14, 1918; also Mr. Wilson, violinist, who contracted pneumonia and was placed in a Liverpool hospital.

MARTIN J. NYGAARD, Company B, 18th Infantry, 1st Division, reported wounded November 7, in the Argonne drive, later reported as dead, but no date or cause was given. His father would like to hear from anyone who can give information about him. Address B. M. Nyaard, Box 45, Hendricks, Minn.

COMPANY K, 139TH INFANTRY.—Mrs. N. P. Mortensen, Farmington, Minn., Route 1, would appreciate letters from comrades who were with her son, Richard E. Mortensen, when he was wounded in the Argonne on September 30, 1918, dying in March, 1919. Especially the mother would like to hear from Frank Oman, who stopped and spoke to her son just after he was bit.

H. Q. COMPANY, 119TH F. A.—Louis K. Hice was wounded June 19, 1918, and died about four days later; name of hospital unknown. Some of his personal possessions were misplaced, including a wrist watch on which his name was engraved. Address his father, Bert S. Hice, Three Rivers, Mich., if any information concerning this man or his belongings is available.



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National Treasurer's Report

The following statement, issued by Robert H. Tyndall, National Treasurer of the American Legion, shows that the Legion is on a sound basis. The statement, which is of interest to every member, follows:

ASSETS.

Cash in banks.....	\$13,089.67
Cash in Fletcher American National Bank, Indianapolis, Ind., subscription account in reserve for publication of magazine only.....	188,392.17
Total cash.....	\$201,482.17
Advertising accounts receivable....	\$9,084.31
News stand.....	6,000.00
Buttons and banners.....	35,500.00
Total accounts receivable.....	\$50,584.31
Inventories, emblem department...	\$9,500.00
Deficit	294,183.88
Total assets.....	\$555,750.36

LIABILITIES.

Notes payable, including \$257,000 carried over from Convention....	\$343,601.28
Bills	15,056.58
Accrued Interest on Notes Payable.	8,700.00
Reserve Subscription account for publication of magazine only....	188,392.50
Total liabilities.....	\$555,750.36

A very satisfactory condition is revealed by the foregoing. Of each dollar of the per capita tax, 25 cents is placed in a separate account, 10 cents of this being reserved for the operation of National Headquarters and 15 cents being applied directly toward the liquidation of outstanding obligations. Rigid economy is being practiced.

In many respects The American Legion has cause for congratulation. The expenses of running the Indianapolis headquarters have been materially assisted by the profits from the emblem division. In addition to paying running expenses it has been possible from this source to apply several thousand dollars on the liquidation of outstanding indebtedness. This department is doing a constantly increasing business.

The National Headquarters is under no expense for rental and some other items which are being borne, pending the construction of the American Legion Memorial building in Indianapolis, by the local Chamber of Commerce.

In the solution of all our problems the loyal support and co-operation of all state departments, posts and individual Legionnaires is of the utmost importance during the ensuing year. All national per capita tax should be promptly remitted wherever it remains unpaid. New memberships in posts should be paid in full without delay. In the formation of new posts the charter members should pay their dues at the time of joining.

It will be the policy to issue a financial statement each month hereafter. This will be circulated to members of the national executive committee, their alternates, department commanders and department adjutants. It should be given the fullest publicity within the departments.

SALARIES.

National Officers: National Commander, none, (pays all his own expenses); National Adjutant, \$500 monthly; National Treasurer, none; National Chaplain, none; Asst. National Adjutant, \$100 weekly.

Weekly salaries of employees, Administrative Division: Director, \$50; clerk, \$32.50; secretary, \$30; multifunction operator, \$27.50; two stenographers, \$27.50 each; two stenographers, \$22.50 each; clerk, \$18; three clerks, \$15 each; telephone operator, \$15; office boy, \$4.

Auditing Division: Auditor, \$50; stenographer, \$28.

Emblem Division: Director, \$50; clerk (asst.), \$32.50; secretary, \$30; clerk (asst.), \$30; clerk, \$22.50; clerk, \$7.

Organization Division: Director, \$100 expenses allowed monthly. Services loaned by War Camp Community Service; executive secretary, \$50; two assistant directors, \$45 each; stenographer, \$25; stenographer, \$22.50; stenographer, \$22.

Publicity Division: Director, \$45; stenographer, \$25.

Record Division: Chief, \$37.50; clerk, \$27.50; two clerks, \$25 each.

Service Division: Asst. director, \$37.50; clerk, \$25; stenographer, \$22.50; three stenographers, \$20 each.

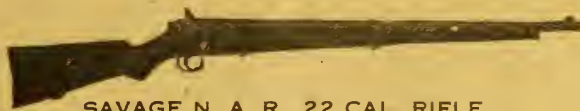
Americanism Commission, New York office: Chairman, none, (pays all his own expenses); asst. to chairman, \$70; clerk, \$30.

National Legislative Committee, Washington office: Chairman, none; attorney, \$225 monthly; asst. to Leg. Com., \$200 monthly; stenographer, \$150 monthly.

Rental Expenses: National Headquarters, none, furnished by Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce; New York office, \$300 monthly; Washington office, \$83.33 monthly.

MARCH 12, 1920

SAVAGE



SAVAGE N. A. R. .22 CAL. RIFLE

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You are a highly trained fighting-man—the ablest, most self-respecting thing on earth.

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Physical condition—snappiness in close order drill—are easy to acquire—and easy to lose. But the ability to shoot straight—the distinctive American quality of the American soldier—was hard to gain, and it is your duty to your country and yourself to keep it forever.

And it is your duty to do more than that. Every day you are growing older. It is your duty to pass your hard-won proficiency along to the rising generation—so that never again will this country be unprepared—so that we may be again, as we were in the days of the Alamo, a nation of riflemen.

And that means to join your post's rifle-club—keep your shooting up, and to coach the boys who are growing up to be able to take your place. The .22 Savage N. R. A. rifle, the miniature under-study of the Service rifle which beats the Service rifle at 100 yards, is the tool to do it with.

You can get it at your dealers'. We'll send you complete description if you write us.

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Bulletin Board

Chicago potato peelers struck for \$6 a day. The old rate used to be \$30 a month, less allotments.

Five boys were hauled before the court at The Dalles, Oregon, for dynamiting fish near the city. Remember the Meuse!

Avenue B. Lawrence, Kansas, has been re-named Birch Avenue, in memory of Lieut. Albert E. Birch, who was killed in France.

Sgt. Robert Cooper, of Camp Holahird, Md., sacrificed \$100,000 to marry Madeleine Morel a few days back. His father tore up the will when mademoiselle arrived in this country.

Overwork was held responsible for the madness of David Marshall, of Chicago, who tried to drown his wife in the bathtub. He was a government employee during the war.

Congressman Bland, of Indiana, says the war department does not seem to know the war is over, and has ordered \$700,000 worth of war equipment, for which there is no use.

Latest from Paris: "The principal change in design from last year's fashion is in the lengthening of the skirt." Well, what about it? We're all home now, anyhow.

An English ex-soldier has just been stung \$2,500 for breach of promise to marry one of his fair countrywomen. Her evidence consisted in his 270 wartime love letters. Surely no one will kick about the censorship after this.

Manual Soldano was charged in Los Angeles with having tunneled under the international line and brought liquor in from Mexico. It was not said whether he received his training in the pioneers.

Meanwhile Lee Shippey, of Kansas City, writer and lecturer, was refused his request for a divorce by his wife to whom he confessed, "There is a little girl in Paris that I love more than all the world." She's in Kansas City now.

Sixteen enlisted men who passed preliminary examinations in Coblenz have arrived in the United States to enter West Point, if they are able to make the grade at the final exams, which will be given at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

What's the name of that crowd that went AWOL in Madrid? The Spanish papers are getting sore because the senioritas are keeping their masticators busy with chewing gum. A despatch from the capital says their elders are "much exercised as a result."

After extended service as a captain overseas, Ernest Chenoweth has been appointed superintendent of the farm colony for the feeble-minded at Butlerville, Ind. Sergeant! Find out who that was that snickered and give him a week's k. p.

Military literature in America for the future will eliminate foreign phrases such as "over the top," the army authorities have decided. "Liaison" officers will be "Information" officers for the future. The circular says nothing about intelligence officers. Maybe the orderly was right who informed the visitor to a partially organized base in the early days: "There ain't no intelligent officer."

Not all the dugouts are in the war zone or in the training camp areas. A very cosy ahri was discovered under a coal pile in the prison yard at Sing Sing a few days ago, and in it were two prisoners who had been missing two days. Their plan was to wait until the search had been given up and then escape. With the skill of veteran engineers they had constructed a retreat six feet each way and five feet deep and stocked it with rations.

The Mayor of Chateau-Thierry writes the American ambassador at Paris: "The newly elected municipal council of Chateau-Thierry, at the moment of sitting in the city still in ruins, addresses to the American people the testimony of its gratitude and fraternal sympathy, and assures them that Chateau-Thierry will faithfully preserve the remembrance of the bravery with which the soldiers of the great Republic fought for the victory which delivered their city."

Uncle Sam now has 35,000 former service men on his civil service pay roll who have become connected with the government service during the last ten months. The law reads that such men shall be given preference, and preference claims have been filed by 55,000, but only 35,000 were able to pass the examination for the positions they sought. Of those who passed 30,000 have been certified for appointment and most of the remaining 5,000 are at work pending certification.

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Forty different views of any town or sector you may name.....	\$1.00
Twenty-five of France's most beautiful cathedrals.....	.75
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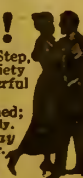


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Room 305, 621 Crescent Place—Chicago, Ill.



THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

(Continued from page 17)

New Georgia posts include Joseph S. Brewster Post, of Cedartown, and a post in the making at Summerville.

James A. Tate, Jr., Post No. 23, has been organized in Shelbyville, Tenn., with a membership of sixty-seven.

State commanders of all Southern states met in Birmingham, Ala., March 6, and the Alabama executive committee met the same day.

Kingston Post, No. 150, of Kingston, N. Y., seems to have done pretty well on a minstrel show. The gate showed 2,500 persons checked in.

Joe Carson Post No. 1, of Tulsa, Okla., has been entertaining some of the big fellows recently. Among them were General Pershing and Henry D. Lindsley, first past national commander.

Here's a chance for the litterateurs of Virginia. The department of that state has called on all posts to ask their respective members to furnish an accurate description of 100 per cent. Americanism.

Lincoln Post No. 3, Lincoln, Neb., has leased a new home where it will install a library and athletic equipment. Pawnee City, Nebraska, has just seen the formation of Thomas Little Post No. 163.

Wade H. Hayes, former state adjutant, has been elected state commander of the Indiana department, following the resignation of Russell E. Sard, and Hugh W. Robertson has been named acting state adjutant.

If you're coming to New York, don't worry about your mail. S. Rankin Drew Post, No. 340, invites all members of the Legion to use its address till located. It is located at Unity Building, 42d Street and Sixth Avenue.

William E. Hare Post, No. 205, of Lansdale, Pa., which town boasts of a population of 15,000, has already raised \$12,000 towards a memorial building, has a women's auxiliary, and is putting out a semi-professional baseball team.

Nelson had nothing on the Woman's Auxiliary of S. Rankin Drew Post No. 340, of New York City, which immediately after its organization called on the parent body in an official communication to supply the members. "We expect every man to do his duty in getting members," read the martial summons to action.

In recognition of the time "Dad" put on a smiling face to keep "Mother" and "Sister" from worrying too much, though he didn't feel any too good himself. Kern County Post, California, suggests the creation of Senior Auxiliaries of the American Legion.

MARCH 12, 1920

Developing Executive Ability

To the man in an executive position and to the man training himself for one, "Developing Executive Ability" is a volume of practical helpfulness. It offers directions in two essential lines of training—first, in the personal qualities the successful manager must have; second, in the methods of management he must understand to direct modern business.

The man who is already an executive can appreciate the value of this volume because he can recognize as his own the problems it helps to solve. The coming executive will get from it an understanding of the demands of a responsible position and how to prepare for them.

It is packed with specific facts and definite suggestions that are usable in executive work.

Directing Modern Business

The author makes you understand the place and importance of *planning*. He explains how to plan your day's work and work your day's plan. He describes practical shortcuts that increase the production efficiency of an office staff. He points out aids to efficient control of business—the most useful statistics and graphic presentation of facts, and how they are produced, handled, and made use of.

He goes into the details of organization and the training of a staff. He explains the principles of teamwork, the placing of individuals for the greatest efficiency, the coordination of all working factors of an organization. He points out the executive's legal problems and how they should be handled. He presents facts about mental economy and their meaning when applied to staff and manager. This volume gives a comprehensive explanation of scientific business management.

The Business MAN

Personal qualifications play a big part in a man's success as an executive. Therefore, the author treats this phase of the subject thoroughly. He shows how important are initiative and vision. He presents tests for reasoning and methods for improving it. He makes the *ideals of business* very practical. He treats the power of finance, the art of investing, business thrift, and other phases of the financial end of business. He gives helpful suggestions on intellectual preparedness and personal dynamics. He describes the place of the thinker in business and the meaning of being a MAN among men.

Ronald Press Co.
Publishers of
Business Books



The Author Knows Business

E. B. Gowin is Assistant Professor of Commerce, New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance; Secretary, the Executive Club of New York; Chairman, Committee on Executive Training, National Association of Corporation Schools.

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"A SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENT in executive ability will be brought about by this book," says C. Louis Allen, President The Allen Corporation, New York.

"MORE USABLE KNOWLEDGE will be gained from the honest study and practice of this book's lessons than can be obtained from double the time spent with any correspondence course in the country," says G. N. Garrison, General Manager, The George N. Garrison Co.

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As a business man you want to pass judgment yourself on this volume, and base your judgment on the volume itself. We will gladly make this possible by placing the book in your hands for examination with the understanding that within five days you will either return the volume or remit the full price \$4.00. In filling out the request coupon attached, you do not obligate yourself to purchase unless the book seems necessary to you.

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36 Hogan Building

Kansas City, Mo.

Lines to a Pal

(To Lieut. E. C. De Sassaure—M. G. Co. 328th Inf., killed in action October, 1918)

O memory—invisible eternal thing,
That prints upon the heart
The vision of a friend.
What boon to us could bring
This priceless gift you send.

A lad has passed behind the veil

We cannot raise—

A lad who with a smile

Gave all one ever gives,

But God we sing Thy praise

His inspiration lives.

ELMER I. RANSOM.

Teamster Heroic

Once on a field of France,

"Up that large way where Death and Honor meet,"

A colored teamster drove an army mule

Conveying food for front-trench boys to eat.

Although the work was hard and cruel,

The mule's advance

Was steady till a dozen shells

Fell bursting in his near vicinity,

Then he stood still. His driver wished to flee;

But neither blows nor yells,

Kicks, curses, nor the honeyed words of love

Could make the dumb brute move.

"Run, you blanked idiot, or you'll sure be dead."

A fleeing comrade said.

Our colored friend explained

While thrilling to the steady roll

Of drum fire: "Dis ar mule am trained

Neber to start

Unless I whistles and I's so darn scar't

Dat I's can't whistle now to save my soul."

JOHN E. DOLSON.

Post Armistice

Workin' th' roads, drillin' in bogs,
Policin' th' streets, cussin' th' Frogs.
Groomin' th' mules, luggin' 'em hay,
War is all over, time to parte.

Clock in th' square, standin' dead still,

Battalion maneuvers, takin' a hill.

Wine in th' even', Mademoiselle,

Out in th' mornin', feelin' like Hell.

Didn't see shavetail, didn't salute,
Stand at attention, bawlin's a beaut.
Sweep out the billet, Kitchen Police,
Some lemon extract, buckets o' grease.

Breakin' on limbers, stealin' a ride,
Colonel in auto, lose half y'r hide.

Bottle o' cognac, gallopin' cubes,

Mess sergeant's richer, rest of us boobs.

Waitin' and longin', prayin' to sail,
M. P.'s like cooties, town like a jail.

Orders come runnin', t'morrow's the day,

War is all over, time to parte.

FRED G. SMITH.

LOCKHART PUTTEES

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Guns in action, shells exploding, actual scenes following advances, barbed wire entanglements, dead in trenches, destroyed artillery, German prisoners. All original photos taken during War. One, a picture of German Kaiser and Crown Prince reviewing shock troops at Chateau Thierry—taken from German prisoner. This picture alone worth price of complete set. Every picture described. Will send pictures on approval to parties furnishing Bank reference or business card. G. H. BANGERT c/o People's Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Chicago, Ill.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

IT'S GREAT TO BE A SER- GEANT MAJOR

(Continued from page 15)

General Order No. 13, G.H.Q., series of 1919, had come to hand, setting forth that in case of "sickness or distress" an enlisted man might apply for immediate discharge. I had herded together all the military terms I knew, and put them into a heart-breaking appeal for a red chevron, and the adjutant and the C. O. had endorsed it because they thought it was so rotten it would never get past brigade headquarters. But one February afternoon the courier brought me a *billet-doux* directing me to head for home "by order of General Pershing."

Did I shout? I did not. Did I tell the colonel? Not a whisper.

I had that little order and I was long gone. I hunted up a side-car driver and made a date with him for early morning. I gave my last bar of chocolate to the bar-maid at the gasthof, and my remaining cake of soap to Gertrude, the chambermaid.

Dawn was breaking over the Rhine valley when I threw a bag of souvenirs and a small pack into the side-car. As the little engine snorted and the car headed toward Coblenz I looked up at the colonel's window.

"Good-by, boss," I said in a voice not too loud. "You think you have a bum sergeant major, but you are wrong. You haven't any."

"Bang - bang! Pr-r-r-r-r-r!" roared the motorcycle.

Fini la guerre!!!

Our Circulation Problem

The circulation department of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has been criticized for alleged failure to enter subscriptions on the mailing list promptly.

The process of entering a name on the mailing list requires from two to three weeks after the receipt of the subscription. Arrangements are now being made to add 50,000 names a week. Thousands of cases of non-receipt of the magazine have been traced to insufficient address.

Every subscriber whose name has been received at the office of publication up to the time of mailing, will receive this issue and all subsequent issues of the magazine.

We ask that Legion members take into consideration the fact that the offices of the magazine have been moved twice within the last three months, that the labor problem is a serious one, and that it has taken years for other magazines to accomplish even as much as has been accomplished by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY in a few months.

We regret that owing to the heavy demand new subscribers have made for previous issues our stock of back copies has become exhausted and we are unable to furnish any copies of the WEEKLY previous to the issue of this date.

CIRCULATION MANAGER.

MARCH 12, 1920

The First Sign of Spring

Don't Wait for Warm Weather



THE golf course isn't in good shape yet, the tennis courts are soft, the roads are muddy and it's too cold on the water—but don't stay inside waiting for warm weather.

Don't forego sport at any time of the year. Get out-of-doors.

Go to your gun club next Saturday afternoon

Thrilling! If you have never shot over a trap you will never know *how* thrilling. Don't miss it. Trap-shooting will give you more real fun and sport than you can imagine.

There is a gun club near you—go and watch a shoot. Try your hand—and you'll shoot regularly.

And to get the best results use a load that you can *depend* upon—the same day in and day out.

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are fast, close-shooting, uniform. That is why they are used by seven out of every ten sportsmen—for 118 years the standard of America.

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The War has created unlimited opportunities for those who know SPANISH, FRENCH or ITALIAN. Now is the time to better your position or increase your business. Learn quickly and easily, at home, during your spare moments, by the LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry. You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for booklet, particulars of trial offer, easy terms.

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429 63d Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fellow Comrades, find enclosed \$..... for..... copies of the Song: "AMERICAN LEGION—FIVE MILLION STRONG," at 25 cents each (20 cents for members, \$18.00 per hundred for posts). Fraternally,

Ask for details

Name.....

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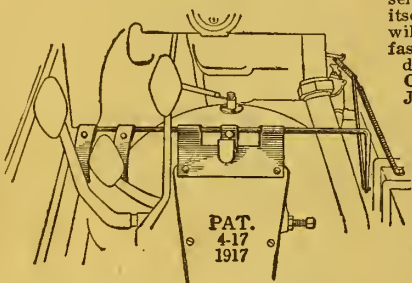
Address.....

AGENTS--SALESMEN SALES MANAGERS EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY ON NEW INVENTION

Will you listen when opportunity knocks? Fortunes have been made in new automobile inventions. Grab this one quick. Your minutes are like dollars—don't waste them now. Read—investigate—then act. The Speederator for Ford cars is a new invention that is so good that 17 officials of the Ford Motor Company use it on their machines. Makes any Ford run like a Packard. Stops stalling—bucking and motor racing. Gives a smoothness to Ford driving that is wonderful. And just think—Speederator is put on without boring holes or special tools of any kind. Any Ford driver can put one on complete in twenty minutes. Never wears out—never needs attention—operates automatically. Sells like lightning. Old Ford drivers say best and only necessary Ford part. Get full information.

LISTEN This is not a ready made fortune but it is the opportunity to secure the exclusive sales agency for this new invention. Don't take our word—get the proofs. Just be honest with yourself and investigate. Let the money you make talk from now on. Smashing records of success will show the way: Helton, Utah, sold six hundred in five weeks—profit \$1,800.00. Crist, N. Y., sold 23 first day—said would have sold more if he had had them—now averages more than 400 a month—profit \$1,200.00. McAllister, Ills., says, sold four first afternoon. He is now using 100 a week. These straight-from-the-shoulder-facts point the way. Hoover down in Ohio sold 29 one day, profit \$87.00. Benke, Mo., averages 200 a month. Campbell, Tenn., 1,000 a month. Crandall, Iowa, put on thirty sub-agents in one week. Dryden, Calif., sold 150 in ten days. Grace, Hawaii Island, 200 in two weeks. Teeters, Mich., first three dozen in ten days. We say you can make

\$55.00 TO \$300.00 WEEKLY



selling the Speederator. Best article to advertise itself you ever saw. Once on a car the driver will never let you take it off. Sales are made fast and furious. Boyer, Penna., made \$72 first day. Cook, N. Dak., 150 sold first two weeks. Cahen, Ariz., 72 in two weeks—\$216.00 clear. Join the ranks of successful men in this work.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Just show us that you mean business and are ready for business and we will show you how. But first, make us prove these facts. We have nothing to apologize for. The Speederator is a grand success—you can make money fast if you have the territory—so get busy now. Write today for the necessary information and see for yourself. Don't delay—plenty of good territory left—if you are a hustler you can have money in the bank in a few weeks. Just write—now—to

THE GREATEST FORD INVENTION
THE PERRIN METAL PARTS CO.

1045 Hayward Building, Detroit, Michigan

NOT A GHOST OF A CHANCE

(Continued from page 11)

When Avion No. 28 awakened he was standing in a ploughed field.

Beside him stood a small man, a bit stooped, wearing a long gray cloak and a cocked hat. His arms were clasped behind his back. Instinctively Avion No. 28 stood at attention and saluted.

"The flank, sire. The German flank on the right is uncovered. They have pushed too far," Avion No. 28 reported. Then he handed the great French Emperor his aviator's map.

"You have done well, my lieutenant," Napoleon answered.

The scene shifts to French headquarters, where the Supreme Commander anxiously awaited tidings of the German advance. There was the map, the fateful map with its little blue, red, green, pink, black and multi-colored pins; blue for France, red for Britain, black for German! Like the coil of a serpent the black pins were encircling Paris. An aide, glancing through the door, saw the general sit down in a large armchair and apparently doze. There appeared the figure of a small, round-shouldered man wearing a long, gray cloak and a cocked hat. He held out his hand to the general, and in it was an aviator's map.

"Infantry here. Artillery fire here. A division of cavalry quick through the German right!" The little man indicated the positions on the map.

A few hours later von Kluck was in retreat and Paris was saved.

A GHOST story of the A. E. F. concerns a white phantom seen by a member of a negro regiment. A platoon was on duty near a graveyard in the grounds of a ruined chateau. Private Samuel J. Jackson, who was on guard, shouted for the corporal and fired his rifle.

"I seen a ghost," he gasped, "a terrible ghost!" When he calmed down a little more he told this story! "I was watching the graveyard when I seen something like a lit cigarette. Then it grew and grew until it looked like a big ball of fire and it come fer me right through the trees. Then it shot at me, and I heard the bullet whizz past and I shot back—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the corporal, "we were listening, and there wasn't but one shot fired. Let's go and have a look at that ghost."

The corporal returned and reported that the rising moon was unusually red, due to the smoke from the big guns, and that under the stress of a night watch over No Man's Land Jackson had undoubtedly imagined the first part of his story concerning the tiny size of the light through the trees.

Infantrymen who have served in France are familiar with the species of "ghost" seen by Private Jackson. The man lying in a fox hole on outpost, hungry, wet, nerves all a-jangle, and feverish with fatigue, could see anything his fancy presented.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

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GUESTS TICKET \$1.

Double attendance and talk of town wherever used.
Complete outfit to produce with full directions sent on
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EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of our 1920 catalogue—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year—really a book of 184 pages, 8 colored plates and over 1000 photo-engravings, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the result of over seventy-two years of practical experience. To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following unusual offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses 10 cents we will mail the catalogue

And Also Send Free Of Charge Our Famous "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one pack each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Aspers, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies and Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37
CORTLANDT ST.
NEW YORK CITY



TO PAY A DEBT IS NOT TO GIVE A BONUS

(Continued from page 8)

the ex-service man. There are many of the 5,000,000 who feel that they are in a position to bear the sacrifices they have made without any aid from the government. They are in no way compelled to take it. Conscience is still doing considerable guiding in this world of ours.

But Franklin D'Olier told Congress:

"An overwhelming majority of ex-service men feel strongly that this government owes an obligation to all persons who were handicapped bodily or financially by military or naval service."

Let us hear no more of "bonuses." If there be a debt let this government discharge it as the solvent institution it is.

Congress has been told the opinion of "an overwhelming majority of ex-service men."

If Congress has ears to hear, let it hear.

Resent the Word "Bonus"

William J. Donovan, better known as "Wild Bill," who commanded the 165th Infantry, summed up this compensation business neatly, just before he sailed on a business trip to Europe and just after he had come from a series of Congressional hearings in Washington.

"The American Legion and all former service men resent the use of the word 'bonus' as applied to their just demands for financial compensation for their sacrifices in the war," he said. "We are not asking for a gift but for an adjustment of the inequality of sacrifice made by men who wore a uniform and those who stayed at home."

"We know former service men are justly entitled to some settlement of this inequality. They not only plainly deserve compensation but in many cases they need it. Those men should be given the opportunity to apply to their government for financial assistance and get it."

Mr. Donovan spoke of a plan that had come to his attention, that would solve one objection advanced in Congress—namely, that payment of compensation in bonds would hurt other securities, particularly Liberty bonds. This plan proposes lending bonds to veterans that could not be disposed of without permission from the treasury department. Before disposal could be effected the bonds would have to be converted into another class of bonds at a fifty per cent reduction in value. This would prevent dumping of these governmental securities on the market.

This plan embraces loans to veterans of these bonds in an amount not to exceed \$5,000. With this sum the former service man could obtain a farm, or start himself in a small business.

MARCH 12, 1920

You, Too, Can Earn
\$100 to \$150 per month

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"NEW WAY" TYPIST

80 to 100 Words a
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Learn at Home—
Ten Easy Lessons

A wonderful new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost over night it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation. Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded thirty to forty words a minute are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and they are earning salaries increased in proportion.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT Don't confuse this NEW WAY in typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. It is as different from the old touch system as day is from night. Special GYMNASIAC Finger-Training Exercises bring results in DAYS that ordinary methods will not produce in MONTHS. It is the greatest step in typewriting since the typewriter itself was invented—already its success has become nation-wide.

DOUBLES AND TREBLES SALARIES Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—many were so-called touch writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't DOUBLED or TREBLED his or her speed and accuracy, and the salaries have been increased from \$8 to \$15 a week (their former pay) to \$30, \$35 and even \$50 weekly. And the NEW WAY is AMAZINGLY EASY for one—there are only 10 lessons and they can be quickly learned at home.

NEW WAY BOOK FREE We cannot describe here the principle of this new method. But we have prepared a book which tells all about it in complete detail, which is FREE to those interested. It is a big 32-page book brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. No instruction book ever written, no matter what it cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get our catalog at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the SPEED and SALARY that is possible to typists. Mail coupon NOW before you forget. Address

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LISTEN, "BUDDIE"

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I have made up prints of TWENTY of my BEST NEGATIVES of

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Splendid as a keepsake—a memento of service and sacrifice—a lasting remembrance and a rich ornament for the home.

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As Our Representative

We are selling these handsome souvenirs direct through The American Legion.

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Free
Trial!

No
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No odor—no noise—simple—safe. Guaranteed.
Endorsed by Gov. Bureau of
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We're selling 24 in one week.
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Bowers made \$3000.00 in sales in
six months—on foot. Davidson
sold 96 in one week. Hundreds
doing as well—so can you. Ter-
ritory going fast. Send for
details of how to get yours
free and our distributors offer.
Let's go.

WRITE TODAY TO
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IT'S A GOLD MINE

Agents!
Read
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Yes, if you become a Davis Agent, the money will roll into your pockets as from a Gold Mine. Our selling plans take the public by storm. The Attractive Packages and Labels, the more attractive prices, and the 150% to 200% profit FOR YOU are some of the secrets of our representatives success.

Write Today—Don't Wait

Think of it—Mrs. Del Lewis sold 280 Lucky 11 in 74 days. Profit over \$200.00. Woodward, Zellers, Heatwole, Cullen and hundreds of others running way over \$500 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. If you wish to be doing the same write today to

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INFORMATION

Address, Editor, "Information," 627
West 43rd Street, New York City. To re-
ceive reply by letter enclose stamped, self-
addressed envelope.

Missouri Bonus

To the Editor: Has Missouri paid a bonus to her soldiers? If so, how much, and what are the conditions?

W. W. MANDELL.

Erie, Pa.
No.

Reserve Corps

To the Editor: Will the Officers' Reserve Corps be called for training this summer?

JOHN CARLISLE.

Portland, Ore.

The War Department at the present time does not expect to call the Officers' Reserve Corps for training this year.

Bonus by Vermont

To the Editor: Please inform me what bonus was paid by Vermont to ex-service men?

PETER MCCALL.

Hanover, N. H.

Vermont is paying a bonus of ten dollars a month for twelve months in the service, limited to men who did not hold commissions.

Wound Stripes

To the Editor: Can a man receive a wound stripe for having a leg broken by a truck while on the way to the front?

GEORGE WOOD.

Atlantic City, N. J.

No.

Victory Buttons

To the Editor: Are Victory Buttons being issued to men on the Regular Army Reserve?

THEO. HASKINS.

Red Oak, Mo.

Yes. They may be obtained from any main Recruiting Station.

Wearing of D. S. M.

To the Editor: When is the D. S. M. medal to be worn and when is the bar of ribbon representing it to be worn?

THOS. R. SHAW.

Sandusky, Ohio.

The D. S. M. Medal will be worn only on dress occasions, the service bar, of the same material as the ribbon worn with the medal, is to be worn on uniforms at all other times.

Second Corps

To the Editor: Was the Second Corps part of the Second or First Armies?

NORMAN BARNES.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Second Corps was never a part of either the First or Second Army but was a separate corps attached to the British armies until after the armistice.

Cuban Occupation Badge

To the Editor: What are the requirements for an Army of Cuban Occupation Badge?

GAIL HENRY.

Kansas City, Mo.

This badge is authorized for issue to officers and enlisted men for service in Cuba with the Army of Cuban Occupation between July 18, 1898, and May 30, 1902.

52nd Coast Artillery

To the Editor: I served overseas with the 52nd Coast Artillery Regiment and though I have been out a year am still interested in the old gang and would appreciate information as to this regiment's location.

RAYMOND POINTER.

Monrovia, Ind.

The 52nd Coast Artillery Regiment is stationed at Camp Eustis, Va.

27th and 30th Divisions

To the Editor: What infantry regiments were in the 27th and 30th Divisions in the A. E. F.?

ANDREW STONE.

Gloversville, N. Y.

The 105th, 106th, 107th and 108th Infantry Regiments were with the 27th Division, and the 117th, 118th, 119th and 120th Infantry with the 30th Division.

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Send Your Name and We'll
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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

THE BUSINESS VALUES OF PELMANISM - By George Creel

PELMANISM is able to promise advancement and increased incomes for the very simple reason that it gives workers the qualities that employers are hoping for and searching for. Salary is no longer the determining consideration: the main thing is intelligent service.

One of the country's greatest executives, speaking recently to the writer, made this statement:

"For every efficient man or woman, there are ninety-nine inefficient. Stenographers who listen with one ear only, secretaries who can't remember, clerks who keep their eyes on the clock, department heads who are afraid to make decisions of their own, superintendents utterly lacking in initiative and originality—nearly all of them a wool-gathering lot without ability to concentrate on anything but quitting time. Not one in a hundred with any real interest in their work beyond doing as little as they can for the money they get."

The same complaint comes from the trades and professions. Carelessness, laziness, and indifference, instead of intelligent enthusiasm, driving purposes, and quick thinking. A willingness to "stay put" instead of the eager ambition that fairly begs for new opportunities and larger responsibilities. As a result, employers of every kind are the *hunters* today scouring the country in search of men and women who can "deliver the goods."

The Master Words of Modern Life

INITIATIVE! Imagination! Personality! Good judgment! Originality! These are the master words of modern life, and it is precisely these qualities that Pelmanism develops, strengthens, and directs. It opens your mind for *inspection*, letting you see wherein you are strong, wherein you are weak; and, even as it adds to strength, so does it correct weakness.

Where the average employer makes a mistake is in assuming that inefficiency is willful and premeditated. He is convinced that his employees do not *want* to give good service and have no real interest in advancement. This is true in very few cases: The general run of working men and women have no desire to cheat, most of them have high hopes of holding places of power and distinction, and all of them want to earn more money. The trouble is that they express themselves in *day-dreams* and not in *action*.

When analyzed, this is seen to be a misfortune, not a fault. How can they *listen* when they have never been taught concentration? How can they have *initiative* and *originality*, when our educational system tries its best to turn pupils into parrots and have them all *uniform* in type? How can they have *purpose*, and hold to it, when our life ignores the fundamental truth that the human mind has got to be exercised in order to *be fit and stay fit*? As a matter of fact, the majority of workers are doomed to day-dreams because their training, or lack of it, has robbed them of their *mental teeth*. They can't take hold and hang on. The mind, unused to con-



GEORGE CREEL

tinued effort, tires quickly and jumps from one thing to another like a grasshopper.

Pelmanism Trains the Mind

PELMANISM does the simple, obvious thing. First of all, it teaches self-realization. Very few people really know themselves. They imagine they are this or that, and blunder through life the victims of their own ignorance. In the second place, Pelmanism trains the mind, exercising it scientifically, meeting its new strength with new tests, until, at the end, there is perfect balance, full power, and an amazing endurance.

Another great mistake, and one made generally, is the assumption that business is a purely *mechanical* process.

There is, on every hand, a general, well-grounded belief that business calls for the *hard* qualities, not the fine ones—that it is a thing of routine, not a drama of inspiration.

As a matter of fact, modern business is an organization as interesting as it is vast, and its operations make steady and imperative demands upon every mental quality. Not a day passes that its generals, captains, and corporals are not called upon to bring the functions of the mind into instant operation at high pressure: Routine efficiency is not enough.

The call is for the quick, leaping brain that is able to create ideas, to find fresh viewpoints, to make decisions as logical as they are swift, and to manufacture opportunities instead of waiting for them. Imagination, courage and resourcefulness are assets as real as stocks and bonds.

Pelmanism Develops Business Power

BUSINESS is the *Great American Romance*. It is business that has harnessed the stream, tunneled the mountain and the river, turned deserts into orchards, and made the United States the world power in one hundred and forty-three years. It calls for the *best* and it *deserves* the best. It is this *best* that Pelmanism develops, trains, and directs.

Business needs the *whole* mind, not just part of it. It is often the case that a man of vision, forethought, initiative, resource, courage, and confidence is forced to confess that he has "no head for detail." On the other hand, masters of detail "fall down" when the big problem comes along.

The fault in each case is an incompletely developed mind, a mind which has been developed on one side but not on the other.

The Pelmanist finds no difficulty in assimilating detail and he rises supreme when big issues confront him. His training gives him the balanced mind, the alert mind, the mind that is receptive and responsive. And that is just the type of mind which achieves success with almost miraculous ease while other men lag behind, puzzled, confused, and inert.

Go Forward or Go Back

THE appeal of Pelmanism is neither narrow nor specialized. The beginner will find the secret of promotion in it. The veteran "job holder" will get from it new courage, self-confidence, and a resourcefulness that will lift him above his fears and out of his ruts. Executive heads will discover that Pelmanism takes up "mental slack," tones up the mind processes, and acts as a tonic to vision, decision, and imagination. Business permits no standstill. Those who do not go *forward* commence to *drop back*.

This great course comes at a great time. Never before in the history of American business were such chances open to intelligent ambition. Old barriers are down, the gates of success swing wide, and the ranks of the country's workers are being *combed* for the "right sort."

(Signed)
GEORGE CREEL.

Make Yourself That "Right Sort"!

MAKE yourself a Pelmanist. Do for yourself what 400,000 other men and women have done—put yourself in a mental position not alone to grasp opportunity when it comes, but to *make* opportunity come to you.

Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

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THE booklet is free. Fill out and mail the coupon or a postcard—today—now—before you forget it. Don't "put off"—decide to do a thing and then *do it—now*, not later. Write to Pelman Institute of America, Suite 365, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Cigar Economy

THESE days we're all looking for good values. The smoker is no exception to the rule. He demands good value in every cigar he buys. There's just as much economy in the selection of a cigar as there is in food or clothes or any other commodity.

The White Owl gives you more than good value. You get a good, fragrant, even smoke with each White Owl. In size and appearance—long, with tapering ends—it compares favorably with the more expensive cigars.

But White Owl's greatest value to you is in its curing. A vast stock of high-grade tobacco is constantly being cured by experts for White Owl cigars. White Owl is hand-made. In addition, White Owl is backed by the General Cigar Co., Inc., with its tremendous resources and long experience. This fact alone is a guarantee of good value.

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